SOMETHING NEW.

K

IN TWO VOLUMES.

Nec revocare ſitus, aut jungere carmina curat,
Inconſulti abeunt. ——— VIRG.

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DEDICATION.

TO ALL THE WORLD.

PREFACE

TO THE READER.

YOU'LL mind, probably, what Shaftesbury says, upon this species of writing, more than any thing I could urge on the same subject; therefore I shall give you his sentiments of the matter: Here, and reserve my own thoughts about it, to be thrown into some part or other of the following work.

"Peace be with the soul of that charitable and courteous author," says he, "who for the common benefit of his fel-

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TO THE READER.

YOU'LL mind, probably, what Shafteſbury ſays, upon this ſpecies of writing, more than any thing I could urge on the ſame ſubject, therefore I ſhall give you his ſentiments of the matter, here, and reſerve my own thoughts about it, to be thrown into ſome part or other of the following work.

" Peace be with the ſoul of that cha-
" ritable and courteous author," ſays he,
" who for the common benefit of his fel-

" low-labourers, introduced the ingeni-
" ous way of miſcellaneous writing! It
" muſt be owned that ſince this happy
" method has been eſtabliſhed, the
" harveſt of wit has been more plenti-
" ful, and the huſbandmen more in-
" number, than heretofore.

" 'Tis well known to the able prac-
" titioners in the writing art, that as-
" eaſy as it may be to *conceive* wit,
" 'twas the hardeſt thing imaginable to
" be *ſafely delivered* of it: for nothing
" could be more ſevere or rigid, than
" the conditions formerly preſcribed
" to authors, when criticiſm domi-
" neered, and regularity and order
" were thought eſſential to a treatiſe.

" The

" The notion of a genuine work, a
" juſt and *legitimate* piece, has certain-
" ly been the occaſion of great timidity
" and backwardneſs among the adven-
" turers in wit; and the impoſition of
" ſuch ſtrict laws and rules of compo-
" ſition has hitherto ſat heavy on the
" free ſpirits and forward genius's of
" mankind. 'Twas a yoke, it ſeems,
" which our Forefathers ſubmitted to,
" but which we, for our parts, have
" liberally thrown off.

" In fine, the invidious diſtinctions,
" of *baſtardy* and *legitimacy*, being at
" length removed, the *natural* and
" *lawful* iſſue of the brain come now
" with equal advantage into the world;
" and wit, mere wit, is well received,

" without examination of the kind, or
" cenſure of the form.

" This the miſcellaneous manner of
" writing, it muſt be owned, has hap-
" pily effected. It has rendered almoſt
" every ſoil productive; it has diſcloſed
" thoſe various ſeeds of wit which lay
" ſuppreſſed in many a boſom, and has
" reared numberleſs conceits and curi-
" ous fancies, which the natural rude-
" neſs and aſperity of their native ſoil
" would have with-held, or at leaſt
" not have permitted to riſe above the
" ground.

" From every field, from every
" hedge or hillock, we now gather as
" delicious fruits, and fragrant flowers,

" as

"as of old from the richeſt and beſt
"cultivated gardens. Miſerable were
"thoſe antient planters, who, under-
"ſtanding not how to conform them-
"ſelves to the rude taſte of unpoliſhed
"mankind, made it ſo difficult a taſk
"to ſupply the world with intellectual
"entertainment, and furniſh out the re-
"paſts of literature and ſcience."

In an other place.

"The celebrated wits of the miſcel-
"laneous race, and others of the irre-
"gular kind of writers, may plead it
"as their peculiar advantage, that they
"follow the variety of nature; and in
"ſuch a climate as ours, their plea,
"no doubt, may be very juſt. We
"Iſlanders, famed for other mutabi-
"lities,

" lities, are particularly noted for the
" variableneſs and inconſtancy of our
" weather; and if our taſte in letters
" be found anſwerable to this incer-
" tainty of our climate, a writer muſt
" ſurely, on this account, be the more
" valuable in his kind, the more he is
" able to ſurprize his reader by ſudden
" changes and tranſports, from one ex-
" treme to the other.

" Were it not for the known pre-
" valency of this reliſh, and the ap-
" parent deference paid to thoſe ge-
" nius's, who are ſaid *to elevate and ſur-*
" *prize*, the author of theſe miſcellanies
" might, in all probability, be afraid
" to entertain his readers with this
" multifarious, complex, and deſultory
" kind of reading."

And again.

"In reality, *profound thinking* is many "times the cauſe of *ſhallow thought*; "and to prevent this contemplative "habit and character, of which we ſee "ſo little good effect in the world, we "have reaſon, perhaps, to be fond of "the *diverting manner*, in writing and "diſcourſe, eſpecially if the ſubject be "of *a ſolemn kind*. There is more "need, in this caſe, to interrupt the "long-ſpun thread of reaſoning, and "bring into the mind, by many dif-"ferent glances and broken views, "what cannot ſo eaſily be introduced "by one ſteady bent, or continued "ſtretch of ſight."

To all which reaſoning I ſhall only add, from myſelf, that if the reader would

would have a preface to the following work, he may eaſily frame one for himſelf, from the enſuing pages; as I hope that every chapter will be able, not only to explain itſelf, but to make its own apology, alſo. If not, they are not worth peruſing, and no *Letter of Credit* can poſſibly ſerve them. There is no helping thoſe who will not aſſiſt themſelves. It were pity, indeed, there ſhould.

Among the multiplicity of ſubjects treated of, in theſe volumes, it muſt have been impoſſible to have avoided the falling ſometimes into the tract of ſome of the authors who have preceded me. Whenever ſuch a circumſtance happened to occur, I paſſed it by; or if

if I thought it might adminiſter to the improvement or entertainment of my reader, I have quoted the authority, and inſerted the paſſage. Some articles of this kind, may however have eſcaped my notice; which I leave to pedantry to animadvert upon.

Though is not this punctilio of mine a ridiculous nicety, after all? You look into books, for your improvement, or amuſement. Theſe muſt ariſe from the writing, not the writer.—You call at an Inn, for your refreſhment.—Do you ever trouble yourſelf whether your Hoſt took the chickens out of his own coop, or borrowed them from a neighbour? Whether the bed was his own, or only lent him by a friend, for your accommodation? &c.

The world, the world will never be wife, till they mind a little more what Jean Jacques Rouſſeau and I ſay to them.

Readers, Here follows your *Bill of Fare*, and ſo farewel.

AUTOMATHES.

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SOMETHING NEW.

CHAPTER I.

TRIVIUS.

I SELDOM take a walk without him—, but then I dare not venture to let him into the ſecret of our aſſociation. At firſt, when we happened to perambulate the ſtreets of London together, I could not help taking notice of his obſervations upon every per-

ſon or circumſtance that occurred in our way, with his manner of addreſſing the ſeveral people we met with, whether of his acquaintance or not, either by ſpeaking to, or of, them.

My remarking on this peculiarity of his, once or twice, occaſioned his throwing himſelf into a reſerve. I ſoon diſcovered that my friend meant only to ſport his humour for his own amuſement, ſolely, without any deſign of diſplaying his wit or fancy for the entertainment of others. It was merely a ſort of ſoliloquy, or thinking aloud, in which he was generally ſo entirely wrapped up, that he became inſenſible to the ſound of his own voice, and appeared quite diſ-

diſconcerted, if he ſeemed to be overheard by others.

The firſt inſtance I had of this peculiarity in him, was one day that we were walking together through Drury-lane, and happened to meet a chimney-ſweeper, who was laughing heartily at ſomething that another foot-monger was ſaying to him.—That fellow muſt be eaſily pleaſed, ſaid he to himſelf.—Why ſo? replied I; the jeſt may be a good one, for aught we know.—He anſwered not, but walked ſullenly on.

This afforded a hint for reflection—It is the beſt method of inſtruction.—That animal, thought I, is certainly one of the moſt miſerable wretches of

the human ſpecies; his foulneſs, his occupation, his ſqualid appearance, render him an object of greater commiſeration, than any ſlave in the galleys. Surely then a creature in ſuch circumſtances may well be ſaid to be *eaſily pleaſed*, indeed, who can poſſibly ſmile—at any thing.

That woman, ſaid he, at another time, ſeems to be reſponſible for every vice in human nature, except fornication. I looked at her, as ſhe ſtood with her arms a-kimbo before a Beer-houſe door, of which ſhe was hoſteſs. She was remarkably ugly and deformed, and had a moſt ſhocking expreſſion in her countenance.

That

That girl will cuckold ſomebody or another, one of theſe days, ſaid he of a young woman who was tripping towards us. I caſt my eye on her, *en paſſant*. She was very handſome, but had an air of levity and aſſurance in her look and manner.

But what made this propheecy appear the more remarkable, was, that it happened many years ago, and long before one might venture, as from the modern profligacy of the times, I fear they might do, at preſent, to pronounce the ſame ſentence upon too many of the women one may meet with, even in coaches, every day.

On ſeeing a parcel of happy boys juſt diſmiſſed from a ſchool, one evening, who were leaping, capering, and ſpringing before the door — Light hearts, ſaid he to himſelf, make light heels. — How they ſweat and toil, at the Opera-houſe, to mimic theſe!

On our paſſing by an old houſe, one day, that had formerly ſtood in the fields, but had lately been built into the city by a long ſtreet, while he was in the country — You are welcome to town, ſaid he.

I ſhall mention no more of theſe particulars, at preſent, having given you ſufficient inſtances already to let you into the character and turn of thought, that

that diſtinguiſhes my friend: but I purpoſe, at ſome future leiſure, to publiſh an entire volume of his *Triviads*, which I fancy will be entertaining enough; as there is hardly any circumſtance, or horſe, or man, or houſe, coach, cart, dog, or cat, that ever occurs in his way, but ſuggeſts ſome new, ſingular, or peculiar reflection or remark, to his imagination.

CHAP. II.

CHARACTER.

A PHILOSOPHICAL diſſertation on that peculiarity or diſtinction among mankind, which is denominated *Character*, would certainly be a moſt entertaining and uſeful work. An inveſtigation into this great principle of action, would go further towards the advancing a perſon's fortune or intereſt in life, than all the boaſted *knowledge of the world*, which men of buſineſs or political intrigue, think ſo highly neceſſary, as indeed it is, for that purpoſe.

Human nature is ſo various, that a general acquaintance with it is by no means

means ſufficient to be the rule or meaſure of our conduct, without a particular or ſpecific knowledge of the ſeveral characteriſtic or diſtinguiſhing features of thoſe perſons we may chance to be occaſionally connected with.

Pope ſays,

"The proper ſtudy of mankind is *man*;"

and my argument here agrees with his ſentiment, only reſtraining the abſtract expreſſion to the ſingular number. Know your *man* is the adage for it.

But this anomaly of character is more remarkable among us, than in any other nation, perhaps, of the earth. We have more liberty of action

and

and opinion, with a greater uncertainty of climate, than other people. A poor French taylor was undone, ſome time ago, by not having been ſufficiently aware of this eccentricity in the Engliſh.

He had ſettled a correſpondence here, to adapt and ſupply ſuits of cloaths from Paris, to all cuſtomers, upon having the perſon's ſize, age, and ſtation of life, ſent over to him. But, not being apprized that dreſs, with us, does not always correſpond with years, nor appearances with means, that there are old fops and young ſlovens, plain peers and brocaded attornies, in our drama, he happened to hit nothing but the ſize of his cuſtomers, though he

he had fitted every other circumſtance, and had a whole winter's wardrobe returned upon his hands, at once, which ruined him. *Diantre! Qu'ils n'ont point de Caractere, ces meſſieures Anglois*, cries the poor taylor. *Mais qu'ils ont trop de Caractere*, in my ſenſe of the word, was his misfortune.

Self-intereſt I admit to be a general motive of action; but paſſions, no matter whether through violence or miſtake, frequently counteract this principle; and humour, caprice, vanity, or perverſeneſs, in many individuals, are often found to be paramount to ſelf-intereſt and paſſion both.

A muſician may be perfectly ſkilled in the ſcience of harmony, and a complete

plete artiſt in the various tones and modulations of ſound; but there often happens certain peculiarities in the inſtruments that he may have occaſion to take in hand, without a particular knowledge and experience of which, to be obtained by trial and practice only, he may not be able fully to exert the capable powers of his own performance.

The ſame affections and propenſities in mankind have not a like extent in all; and paſſions, in the management of a true philoſopher, may be fitly compared to inſtruments in the hands of an expert muſician. There are long-ſtopt fiddles, and ſhort-ſtopt ones; flutes of free tones, and others of re-

ſerved

ſerved ones; and the ſame fingering, or breathing, that would make melody of the ſame notes, on the one, might become diſcord on the other.

The Antients were fataliſts. The many unaccountable actions of men, not to be reſolved into any of the general paſſions or principles of human nature, betrayed them into an opinion, that a certain irreſiſtible deſtiny guided and ruled every event of our lives. Would any man commit ſuicide, inſtead of tickling himſelf? or marry an ugly woman, when he might have had a handſome one, ſaid they, if fate had not *unwilled* them? Euripides gives the antient opinion upon this ſubject, in

two

two lines.—"Fate," ſaid he, "is un-
"avoidable; no human prudence can
"avert its ſtroke; and all ſtruggling
"with it but makes it worſe."

Fata regunt orbem certâ ſtant cuncta lege.

MANILIUS, ASTRON.

But, had they attended to that peculiarity of character in mankind, which I am here deſcanting upon, it might have ſufficiently ſolved theſe phænomena to them; for our fate does not over-rule our will; but our caprice governs our deſtiny.

Many modern philoſophers have revived this Turkiſh ſyſtem of faith. They did not properly note the diſtinction, between an *efficient*, and a *capable*

pable cauſe. Every effect certainly has its cauſe; but every cauſe does not always produce its effect. All married women have not children. Every power is not under a natural neceſſity of exerting its capabilities. This leaves the will of man free in its operations.

You may here ſee the danger of adventuring into the regions of metaphyſics. Icarus was one of theſe *high-fliers*. We loſe our natural reaſon, in ſuch ſublime reſearches; which may be fitly compared to the wind *Cæcias*, that Ariſtotle and Pliny tell us had the peculiar property of attracting *the clouds* to, inſtead of driving them from, it.

But

But the argument which the old predeſtinarians reaſoned from, was really curious. They firſt believed in judicial aſtrology, and then indeed moſt logically concluded, that nativities could not be calculated, nor events foretold, if actions and accidents were not neceſſarily contingent, or præ-ordained.

Da mihi punctum, & terram movebo, ſaid Archimedes. Grant a ſophiſt but one propoſition, and the argument is over with you.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

AN UNACOUNTABLE FACULTY.

THE laſt chapter was no way deducible from the former. They are connected by no ſort of chain. The latter aroſe from a hint, merely. The firſt deſcribes an humoriſt: upon which occaſion *character* happened to occur to me; but this ſurely was no neceſſary conſequence. An eſſay on ——— does not follow the mentioning of lady ———

I think it proper to explain this matter to you, *entre nous*, becauſe there are a ſort of philoſophers, who affirm

all our thoughts to be as neceſſarily conſecutive, as the predeſtinarians beforementioned do our actions. They ſay, that they defy all the wit of man to be able to think, out of a certain train of ideas, that mechanically follow each other, though the links of the chain indeed may ſometimes be ſo fine-drawn, that they may poſſibly eſcape our notice *.

This dogma I moſt peremptorily deny. While I am taking thought for the morrow (however forbidden by ſcripture) what I ſhall order for my dinner, I can inſtantly tranſport my mind to

---

* See Locke, book II. chap. xiv.—See alſo Lord Kaims's *Elements of Criticiſm*, chap. i. and ix.

Grand

Grand Cairo, to China, or Meſopotamia. And he muſt be a very ſubtle philoſopher indeed, who can trace the connexion between any of thoſe places, from whence I expect neither meat, nor drink, and my meals.

In the ſame manner, believe me, my good friends, are you often impoſed upon, in matters of more conſequence than this. But how, otherwiſe, could libraries be filled? or dunces thrive? Syſtem! ſyſtem! has ſet ſtill narrower bounds to already limited reaſon; and no one, who had not ſtudied hard for it, could poſſibly believe how much error there is in ſcience, and what ignorance in learning.

Qui magis ſapiunt, magis inſipiunt.

A REFLECTION, EN PASSANT.

[The ubiquity of the human mind is analogous to the omnipreſence of the Deity: yet there are philoſophers who, though conſcious of this very faculty in themſelves, in an imperfect degree, deny the poſſibility of the other, to their Creator, in a more perfect one. But men do not care to have him a witneſs to ſome of their private actions; and in this, therefore, as well as in other theological points, argue frequently againſt their own conviction.]

I forget how long ago it is ſince Browne publiſhed his *Pſeudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Refutation of Vulgar Errors*; but the numbers which he has left un-

noticed, with the many that have obtained in the world, ſince his time, would fill a dozen folios. Some of them I may perhaps be tempted to remark upon, as I paſs through this work, though it is not any part of my preſent ſcheme, I aſſure you.

In the mean while, I ſhall furniſh you with a quotation from the preface to *The Temple of Gnidos*, to ſhew you how cordially the great Monteſquieu and I are of accord, upon this ſubject.

"If yourwiſe ones," ſays he, "ſhould "challenge me to a more ſerious "work than this, I can ſoon ſatisfy "them; for I have employed myſelf, "for theſe thirty years paſt, on about

" a dozen pages, which contain all that
" we know of metaphyſics, polity, and
" morals, with all that very great au-
" thors have forgotten, in the multitude
" of volumes they have written on thoſe
" ſciences."

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

VENIENTI OCCURRITE.

I SHALL now, and throughout, preſent you with my thoughts, juſt as they may happen fortuitouſly to ariſe in my mind, without order or connexion, appealing to the conſciouſneſs of my readers whether this is not the way that ideas occur to him or her, in ſpite of that deſpotic philoſophy that would attempt to make ſlaves of mankind, and not ſuffer even thought itſelf to be free.

Subjects, perhaps, may ſometimes follow in *a train*, for aught I can foreſee; and, if ſo, I ſhall not affectedly decline being their *train-bearer*.

But all I mean to premiſe is, that I ſhall add nothing to the *ſuite* myſelf, nor endeavour to ſtring ſtories, one after another, like *winter-evening tales*, till my audience falls aſleep about the fire-ſide.

They are but dull ſportſmen, methinks, who have the patience to attend upon cold hunting. Whenever the ſcent begins to flag, I am always for ſtarting of freſh game, inſtead of liſtening to a yelp here, and a chop there, till the hounds are able to *hit off the fault*. I prefer courſing therefore to it, where the quarry is ſtill in view, during the purſuit.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.
THE REBUKE.

BUT our friend Trivius is not merely a ſentimental ſtreet-walker; for the ſame turn of reflection, with a notable ſpirit of moral and chivalry, accompany his character throughout.

A profligate of fortune happening to be in his company once, and boaſting of an amour he had lately had with a young woman, diſplayed the inſidious arts with which he had contrived to circumvent her.

The reſt of the company ſeemed to conſider him but as one of thoſe brag-

bragging galants who have ſo often been deſervedly expoſed on the ſtage: but Trivius ſoon undertook to vindicate his veracity, by ſaying that nothing, except the moſt ſuperſtitious addiction to truth, could poſſibly have induced any one to confeſs ſo vile and ſcandalous a ſtory of himſelf.

Another young fellow affronted a lady once, before him, and he immediately reſented her quarrel. His friends interpoſed, telling him that they thought it rather too late in life for him to enter the liſts of knight-errantry. He replied, I was born a man; and no age, but dotage, can ever make me forget my ſex, or the protection due to hers.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

A DISCANT UPON NOTHING.

"*The mind is its own place.*" MILTON.

SEVERAL other thoughts, anecdotes, and alluſions, have occurred to me here, on the various foregoing ſubject; all which I have locked up in the *baſtile* of memory, merely to ſhew that I am the tyrant, not the ſlave, of my own ideas. And as no new topic preſents itſelf to my reflection, on this occaſion, I ſhall ſupply this chapter with *an eſſay on nothing*.

Ex nihilo nihil fit, is the adage of a conjurer, when he is going to play

cups

cups and balls: philoſophy joins the conjurer, but theology denies ſo profane a maxim. Has not this world, and all that's in it, with the ſun, moon, and ſtars, been created out of Nothing? And to our further comfort too, for I am about to prove it one, they can never be annihilated again.

For all that the moſt heathen philoſophy can poſſibly contend for, is, to have matter diſſolved again by the wreck of nature, into its firſt principles; but Nothing being no principle, can claim no right to ſuch a diſſolution. Obſerve here what a ſneaking figure philoſophy makes, when-

whenever it preſumes to enter the liſts againſt Theology.

A fortiori, then, our ſouls muſt be immortal. For if clumſey matter itſelf cannot be *nothinged*, what firſt principles in nature can the immaterial ſpirit of man be ever reſolved into? 'Tis but a *Word*; and a word once uttered, can never be unſaid again.

Et ſemel emiſſum volat irrevocabile verbum.

Thus matter and ſpirit being once *ſpoken* into exiſtence, muſt neceſſarily ſubſiſt, *per ſe*, to all eternity. Quod erat demonſtrandum. Nothing can be clearer than this deduction.

The learned Berkeley was ſo preſſed, by the firſt argument, that he had no way

way of obviating it, but by *unfiating* matter quite out of the univerſe; ſuppoſing that we could be ſuſceptible of corporal feelings, without ſubſtance, and might break our ſhins, or knock out our brains, againſt ideas. And the great Hobbes was ſo perplexed, with the latter poſition, that he was reduced to admit certain modifications of matter to be capable of intelligence.

Locke too was of the ſame unintelligible opinion; but whether theſe gentlemen or I be the beſt philoſophers or divines, I ſhall modeſtly ſubmit to the candid diſquiſition of the reader, and proceed.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A TRANSPORT.

WHAT an idea is the immortal ſoul! How it propels, and reſtrains, the paſſions of mankind! How it enraps the mind beyond the ſtars, and leaves this world among its ſleeping viſions! The paſt, the preſent, and the future can be the objects of its inſtant thought! It can at once look backward, before time was, and forward, when it ſhall be no more!

The brute creation cannot imagine any thing beyond their capacity of execution. The ſphere indeed of our activity is confined, but the compaſs

of

of our thought, our purpoſe, or our will, unreſtrained. Endowed then with faculties ſuperfluous to our preſent exiſtence, ſhall they not bear reference to ſome future ſtate? Has nature done more for us than was requiſite, only to perform leſs than ſeems to have been promiſed? Is the Creator but a mechaniſt, merely? Can Providence appear ſo attentive to the phyſical ſyſtem of the univerſe, and yet be capable of an Epicurean indifference to the higher conſideration of its moral one! Are vice and virtue then, diſtinctions merely ethic, and religion but the preſumption of man!

O no! philoſophy and theology both concur in this. Our bodies periſh

periſh, not, they but diſſolve; the modes, but not the matter vaniſh. And ſhall the nobler part of man bear ſhorter date! What blaſphemy were this! *Procul, O procul, eſte profani!* I will be immortal, even at the hazard of an eternal ſoul! Amen!

CHAP. VIII.

WHAT I AM.

THE reader has certainly a right, by this time, to call on me for ſome account of myſelf, and to aſk me a queſtion, which 'tis probable might have occurred to him every chapter before; namely, who are you, friend? But to this quæry I ſhall deign no other anſwer than the vulgar one generally given to all impertinent inquiries. Gueſs.

However, I will condeſcend to comply with your curioſity, ſo far, as to let you know, *What I am*; which is, *I think*, full as much information as

you can have either right or reaſon to require of my hands.

In the fulfilling of this article of intelligence, it may be ſuppoſed to be quite natural for me, *under a maſk*, to pronounce myſelf to be a perſon of moſt accompliſhed ſenſe, knowledge, and virtue—that I am equally a patriot, and a loyaliſt, and am both ready and willing, according to the profeſſions of our preſent News-paper correſpondents, upon all occaſions of danger or difficulty, to ſacrifice my life and fortune equally for my king and country, in order to preſerve their reſpective rights and ordinances to each.

But all this mighty boaſt would really amount to no ſort of character, at

all, according to my poſition, in the Second Chapter; for want of thoſe diſtinguiſhing features which differ man from man. For might not all the lords and ladies too of quality, both male and female commoners, the whole hierarchy of biſhops, prieſts, and deacons, the two juntos of Miniſters, both ins and outs, the privy, with the more privy, or cabinet, council, as well as the reſpectable Societies of Almack's, Boodle's, Arthur's, and the ever memorable *conjunction* of the Coterie, be able to *ſay* the ſame of themſelves, I pray?

Inſtead, therefore, of which eulogium, or ſelf-applauſe, I fancy it will much better entertain my reader to recount

count ſome of my foibles, peculiarities, or imperfections, in ſhort, whatever may ſerve to diſtinguiſh John from James, or ſomebody from any body.

But this ſhall be the ſubject of an other Chapter.

CHAP. IX.

A PECULIAR TASTE.

IN the first place, then, be it remarked, that as often as I have been in love, which is very near as often as I have been in debt, I never in my life happened to conceive a paſſion for a pretty woman; nor ever ſhall, I am convinced of it now, while an homely one is to be had, for love or money.

But then, in this curious article be it alſo obſerved that I am extremely nice in my choice; for not to flatter ye, ladies, it is not every ſpecies of uglineſs, that has charms, for me.

Nay,

Nay, ſo far from it, that I honeſtly confeſs to have ſometimes met with frightful women who have very nearly diſguſted me. I have formed to myſelf a certain *guſto*, in this particular, and any feature, though ever ſo unſeemly, which happens to exceed my line of deformity, may as well be handſome, for me.

Among the requiſites of my admiration, red hair is one indiſpenſable obligation. The *flava coma* of the Claſſic poets, perhaps, may have inſpired me, in my youth, with a particular taſte for this colour. Even a certain tenderneſs in the eyes, not of ſenſibility, but ſenſation, which is an other of my beauties, too, would be deficient of its

charms to me, without the ornament of that bright golden tint ſuperadded to the brown and laſhes.

If a man muſt wear fetters, ſhould he not prefer golden ones? What poet can pay his miſtreſs an higher compliment, than to compare her treſſes to the rays of the ſun. Red hair is the colour of the richeſt ſubſtance, and the moſt reſplendent object of nature. A wreath of glory round the head looks ſo ſaintiſh, that 'tis apt to inſpire a paſſion rather above love, if that be poſſible, even adoration.

I ſhould be inclined to ſwear a good round lover's oath, that the *golden fleece* was only a tuft of red hair, but for fear

that

that H——, that *tremendous Juſtice Midas*, who ſometimes reverſes the fable, by touching gold to droſs, ſhould pertly remark, in his next *Mag-pie*, that I had committed a blunder, by *going to the Goat's houſe for wool.*

A ſallowneſs of complexion, alſo, not unpitted with the ſmall-pox, muſt languiſh o'er the features; and a certain graceful ſtoop in the ſhoulders, ſtiled by the vulgar *a mackerel back*, muſt contour the ſhape. For the Line of Beauty, ſays Hogarth, is *a Curve.*

Theſe primary articles being firſt ſtipulated for, and obtained, I have not the leaſt manner of objection to my miſtreſs being a *perfect woman*, in every

every other point. Let me but form her buſt, according to the above deſcription, and the reſt of her body may reſemble the Venus de Medicis, or *de belles feſſes*, and welcome.

But 'tis proper here to reſtrain the tranſports of a lover, leſt too particular a deſcription of the perſon, might poſſibly betray the too dear object of a ten years fond, but fruitleſs paſſion. A ſecond ſiege, for another Helen! Homer, I think, reports the *teterrima cauſa* to have been *red-haired*.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

THE PHYSICIAN.

I WAS ever remarkably fond of reading; and after some years spent in this charming occupation, perceiving that I had contracted a settled habit of study, I began to think, with Dr. Young, that

"Unless for some peculiar end design'd,
"Reading's the specious trifling of the mind."

I grew mortified and ashamed at having idled away so much precious time and sacred leisure, upon amusement merely. I imagined that if I should direct my application to any one course of the three liberal profes-

sions,

ſions, I might poſſibly happen to arrive at ſome degree of eminence in it, which would intitle me at leaſt to ſome character, or diſtinction in life; and enable me—my fondeſt ambition! to become ſerviceable to others.

With this view, then, I determined on phyſic, in preference to either law, or divinity; as it is a more pleaſing ſcience and ſtudy, than the firſt, and by diſplaying the wonderful power, contrivance, and goodneſs of the Creator, is capable of inſpiring a more pure religion, and philoſophic devotion, than the whole compaſs of *ſyſtematical* theology.

After this reflection and reſolve, I immediately addreſſed myſelf to an eminent phyſician of my acquaintance, in order to know where to commence, and how direct, my intended courſe. He very kindly promiſed me his aſſiſtance, in this purſuit, and lent me a preparatory treatiſe on the ſubject, written by the learned Doctor Boerhaave, intitled *The Method of Studying Phyſic.*

This ingenious author therein preſcribes a perfect knowledge, in botany, pharmacy, chymiſtry, anatomy, chirurgery, aſtronomy, mechanics, ſtatics, hydroſtatics, hydraulics—in fine the intire *encyclopædia* of natural philoſophy and mathematics. Hiſtory, both ſacred and profane; geography, with the ſeveral

influ-

influences and diſorders peculiar to different climates; a critical knowledge in the Greek, Latin, and Hebrew languages, together with the derivatives from the latter, in the oriental tongues, as the Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Rabbinic, Samaritan, Cophtic, &c. He refers you alſo to the beſt approved authors, in theſe reſpective claſſes of ſtudy, and proceeds even to point out the particular editions that are deemed to be the moſt correct, in theſe various ſciences.

The extent and compaſs of which literature, comprehend books ſufficient to equal, both in number and expence, the Cotton, or Bodleian libraries. About as much as is neceſſary to make

a parſon,

a parſon, according to Baron Bielfeld's Syſtem, in his *compleat erudition*. At leaſt I think I may ſafely venture to pronounce this moderate computation, upon the occaſion, that according to the doctor's preſcription, a ſtudent muſt uſe an intenſe application, of twelve hours, per diem, for about a dozen years, before he can be *ſyſtematically* intitled to write a recipe for a clyſter.

And yet we ſee, at the peril of our lives, young, plump, unſtudious, jolly-looking fellows ſign M. D. every day. Nay, the very author himſelf, after all this vaſt apparatus of ſcience, or ſciences, ſubjoins, that the moſt ſucceſsful phyſician he had ever conſulted with, was one Mynheer ———, I forget his name,

name, who had never perused any other book in his profession, but the aphorisms of Prosper Alpinus, *de præsagiendâ vitâ et morte ægrotantium*; which I think the doctor stiles *a Six-penny Pamphlet.*

Upon this hint I returned the copious treatise, above-mentioned, to my good friend the doctor, and immediately set about making an inquiry after this same *Prosper* Alpinus——his very christian name having something encouraging in it—Though I concluded, at the same time, my search to be fruitless; the faculty, I had reason to have supposed, having, as in duty *to themselves* bound, bought up and burned

burned the whole ſuperfluous impreſſion of that work.

But while I was in purſuit of this ſame Six-penny oracle, I happened to meet, among a collection of tracts, in my vague reading, with a letter from an eminent practitioner, in the reign of Charles the Second, who writing to a friend, gives the following reaſon for having quitted the profeſſion of phyſic; "that in all his practice, he had never "experienced any one medicine to have "fully anſwered the end of its pre-"ſcription, except Sal-ammoniac, for "warts."

I then laid aſide all further thoughts of my intended courſe, and commenced philoſopher, for life.

CHAP. XI.

INDIANA.

IT was at Patna, the capital of a province in India, under the dominion of the Great Mogul, that the faireſt where all are fair, a maiden reſembling one of the blue-eyed daughters of paradiſe, fled to me for ſhelter and protection, in her diſtreſs and danger.

She had, it ſeems, as I ſoon found, a natural right to do ſo; for though I had never ſeen, or even heard of her, before, I quickly perceived her to be ſo cloſely allied to me, *by the ſtrong links of humanity*, that my heart adopted her as a child, on the inſtant. The gene-

rous

rous affections, in nature's heraldry, are the deareſt ties of blood.

I muſt confeſs though, that it much ſurprized me, at firſt, all philoſopher as I am, to think that a native female of that country, bred up with ſuch ſuperſtitious notions of eaſtern monarchy, and whoſe religion and cuſtoms forbad it not, ſhould fly from the delights, the honours, the pomps and ſenſualities, of a ſeraglio, and refuſe the embraces of *The Emperor of the World, the glory of nations, the light of the ſun, the invincible conqueror, the eye of providence, the right hand of omnipotence*, &c. &c. &c.

However, before I expreſſed my ſurprize, or —— But an other thought,

and which has no manner of connection with the fair Indian's ſtory, has, juſt this moment, interrupted my narrative, and broken off *the chain*. I muſt, therefore, beg the patience of my reader, till Tueſday next, when I promiſe to re-aſſume this narrative again, in ſome future Chapter; provided I don't change my mind, between this and then.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

MORE OF SELF.

FROM all this ſkipping *duck and drake* no method of writing, would not one be apt to imagine me a perſon of flight, whim, and irregularity, in life, manners, and converſation? What *a Policy* I might open now, at Garraway's, upon this preſumption! But thoſe who know me as a man of the world, would no more ſuſpect me than a cart-horſe, for ſuch curvets, friſks, and prances, as theſe.

I am naturally grave and reſerved in my ſpeech and deportment, a man of few words, ſlow in my motions, indo-

lent of mind, with a clumſy perſon, and heavy caſt of features. I have ever been remarkable for a ſerious and philoſophic turn of thought and reflection, even from my earlieſt years, and am become a proverb among my acquaintance, for regularity of hours, ſobriety at meals, and punctuality in buſineſs. In fine, I am generally looked upon, by *the world*—every body has a little *world* of their own—as a man of a ſolid character, but plain parts, and according to Falſtaffe's expreſſion, *to have no more conceit in me, than a mallet.*

In reality I have ever choſen to acquieſce in this deſcription——'tis the ſafeſt department in life——thoſe who will be contented to claſs with dunces,

are

are ſure of having the million on their ſide. 'Tis emulation only, or the *ill repute* of ſuperior talents, that raiſes *envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableneſs*, againſt you. While the frogs lay ſoaking in their fens, they lived in ſafety, and they ſlept in peace; they were not pelted at, 'till they preſumed to lift their heads above their native mud.

However, notwithſtanding this caſt or complexion of life, character, perſon, and phyſiognomy, I can at any time I pleaſe, and beſt when I am dulleſt, *conjure up ſpirits from the vaſty deep*, and like an other *Proſpero*, ſend them dancing about the world, for my ſport, or make them dive into the inmoſt re-

But to what cauſe to impute ſuch an inconſiſtency of talents and character, I confeſs my philoſophy to be intirely at a loſs. A certain grave and learned French author owned that he was often liable, when alone in his library, to take a few bounds and capers about the room, even in the midſt of his moſt abſtruſe reſearches. This he attributed to his happening, by ſome chance or other, to have been ſuckled on *goat's milk*.

This was not my caſe, though, for I was nurſed by a ſtupid, ſober, orthodox, Iriſh catholic, who piouſly believed in

in the Pope, the Priest, the Devil, and all their works; and all my ancestors, as far back as a Welch genealogy can be traced, though staunch protestants, were systematically dull, plain, good sort of people; some of them city aldermen, and others country vicars, as may appear from the only records they have left behind them, the additions to their names, on the tomb stones in our family vault, at Wrexham, in North Wales.

The only physical account, then, that can possibly be given, of this peculiarity or diversity from the natural ground-work of my character and manners, is my having drank once too freely in my youth, of *Tar-water*; which being

being ſtrongly impregnated with a portion of *volatile* oil, might, perhaps, in the fermentation, have ſeparated the lighter ideas of fancy, from the more ſolid ſubſtance of reaſon, and held them ſuſpended and floating in my pineal gland, ever ſince, ready to be called forth, occaſionally, unſophiſticate with the pituitous phlegm of judgment.

If this hypotheſis of the matter does not ſufficiently ſatisfy you, in my caſe, I leave you intirely at liberty to frame ſome better ſolution of the paradox, yourſelf, and I ſhall implicitly ſubſcribe to the dogma, as I happen to have no very ſuperſtitious attachments to ſyſtems, of any kind.

But

But what principally has encumbered my character and appearance with ſuch a ſombre caſt of complexion, was that

But I ſhall proceed no further, on this ſubject, at preſent, and take it up at ſome other time, in order to prove my poſition, in Chapter III. which I certainly could not poſſibly be able to do, if thought followed neceſſarily, in a train. However, I ſhall only *fly off in a tangent*, a little, for whenever the topic is *ſoi-même*, the reader muſt naturally know how hard a thing it is to quit it. I ſhall, therefore, rather than not talk of myſelf, at all, venture to expoſe an other foible of mine, which I find growing

growing ſtronger and ſtronger in me, every day, and which has already rendered me ſo unſociable, that I fear I ſhall ſoon be fit for no ſociety in the world, but a Monk's.

CHAP. XIII.

GARRULITY.

"Methinks, quoth Thomas, women's tongues
"Of Aſpen leaves are made."

THOUGH I am notorious on the public highways as a moſt perfect knight-errant to the fair ſex, and have one Dulcinea, in particular, (not the charmer of my IXth Chapter) upon whom I have continued, for above twenty years, to exerciſe every ſpecies of galantry that the moſt romantic chivalry could inſpire, yet have I never yet been able to reconcile myſelf to the natural loquacity of this beautiful gender.

To

To have a dozen women talking *at you*, at once! A well-bred man, as all men ought to be, ſhould never enter into company with more than a couple of ladies, at a time; for having but two ears, it would be morally impoſſible for him to mark his attention to the third.

I happened to ſpend a week, once, in the country, at the houſe of a maiden aunt of mine, who was a remarkable talker. How that woman muſt prate, who becomes remarkable for it! And how often have I wiſhed her a *locked jaw!* For two nights after my return to town, I found that I could not compoſe myſelf to ſleep, by an hour or two, as ſoon as uſual. Habit is a powerful thing.

thing. A horſe uſed to drink at the mill-dam, will choke with thirſt, at a ſtanding pool.

In ſhort, I felt myſelf ſenſible of an irkſome vacuity in my ears, and wanted my uſual *parting doſe*, before I went to bed. *Curtain Lectures* muſt be admirable opiates, where the voice does not reach beyond the Teſter; which, like *a Sounding-Board*, confines the oration within the auditory.

Sæpe levi ſomnum ſuadebit inire ſuſurro.

On the third night happening by chance to throw down my ſhoe-buckles careleſly on the table, they vibrated ſo long before they ſettled to reſt, that I began to find it ſufficiently anſwer my purpoſe,

Prate, ſays ſomebody, was indulged by nature to women, by way of exerciſe, in their ſedentary occupations of life; and the foul humours thrown off by this method, in a certain given time, are phyſically computed to equal the perſpiration of a ſtrong man, at hard labour, all the while. I don't like ſuch an hypotheſis of the matter. 'Tis making women, like dogs, *to ſweat at their tongues end.*

The French, who are a nation remarkable for this same regimen of health, seem to have justly expressed the above notion, by their apt phrase for prating, *battre bien du pais*, which, literally translated, is *to beat the hoof, a journey.*

No. Some politer philosopher says that a babbling disposition was given to women by Providence, in order to supply ideas to their children, who are sooner taught by the ear, than the eye. And this is the reason that might, I think, be justly given, by etymologists, why the native language of every country, is stiled its *mother tongue.*

Some Latin epigrammatiſt gives it for a reaſon why nature has not furniſhed women with beards, as well as men—"that they could not hold their "tongues long enough to be ſhaved."

Quam bene proſpiciens generi natura loquaci,
Cavit ut imberbis femina quæque foret;
Nimirum linguam compeſcere neſcia, radi
Illæſis poſſet femina nulla genis.

A preacher once, in a ſermon on Eaſter Sunday, ſaid that our Saviour, on riſing from the dead, appeared firſt to women, *that the miracle might be the ſooner publiſhed abroad.*

And another impertinent parſon, who had taken his text from the Goſpel of the Samaritan, ſaid that it was the longeſt

longeſt in the Bible, *becauſe a woman ſpeaks in it.*

But *what ſignifies talking?* I don't like ſuch idle reflections. A pulpit, at leaſt, was no fit place, for ſuch ſarcaſms as theſe.

CHAP. XIV.

A NEW OLD BALLAD.

JUST after I had finished the last Chapter, I took up a book to amuse me. It happened to be a volume of the collection of antient poetry, published some years ago, by Mr. Percy, and which is a treasure in its kind.

'Tis extremely pleasant to stray sometimes thro' the wilderness of infant poesy, to contemplate the strength, amidst the coarseness, of Gothic genius, and to remark the prunings and polishings which a more civilized stile and manners have given it since, without adding any thing either to its solidity or vigour.

Among theſe *metrical romances*, as they are called, I met with one that I took a particular fancy to; and being tired of proſe writing, I ſat down and attempted to render it ſomewhat more modern, in the ſtile, language and expreſſion. I have likewiſe uſed ſome other liberties with the original, by leaving out one improper, and an other impertinent paſſage, in it; as alſo by adding ſome ſtanzas, and altering the cataſtrophe, intirely.

For I happened, at the time, to be under the influence of too gloomy a diſpoſition of mind, to ſuffer the tale to finiſh happily, as the other does; and were I in my preſent temper, to modernize the *Nut-brown maid*, from an hint

of which this ballad ſeems to have been taken, famed Emma ſhould certainly not have ſurvived her joy, in the concluſion.

Whether the freedoms I have taken with this little affecting poem, are within the preſcription of *poetical licence*, or no, I do not trouble myſelf to conſider; as this is the firſt, and will probably be the laſt, eſſay of the ſort, I ſhall ever attempt.

KNIGHT

KNIGHT WALTER.

AN ANTIENT TALE.

Altered and Modernized.

At Walter-dale, near Berwick town,
Close by the winding Tweed,
There liv'd a Knight of high renown,
Who rode a milk-white ſteed.
His gallant heart on hazards bent,
To chivalry inclin'd,
In queſt of perils oft he went,
With an undaunted mind.

One morn, as at his gate he ſtood,
The bridle in his hand,
Forth ſtept a maid, by all allow'd
The faireſt in the land.

O Knight! she cried, forbear thy speed,
And listen to my tale,
Let graze a while thy milk-white steed,
Nor fear I come to rail.

My apron, see, become too short,
Of width my girdle scant,
But worse, is lost my fair report,
A maiden's chiefest vaunt.

For thee that prize did I forego,
Then leave me not forlorn,
Thy love hath caus'd me all this woe,
O shield me then from scorn!

If that my love hath caus'd thy woe,
Thou shalt not be forlorn,
These pastures fair, both high and low,
Shall portion thy first-born.

Unkind!

Unkind! he said, take back thy gift
Of pastures high and low,
For of thy dearer self bereft,
They ill can soothe my woe.

One kiss from those dear lips, I prize
More highly than thy dower,
One tender look from those bright eyes,
Than all that Heav'n can pour.

I must bestride my milk-white steed,
And hie me hence away,
To undertake some hardy deed,
Through perils night and day.

The perils of thy hardy deed,
Knight Walter, let me share,
This boon to me were greater meed,
Than all thy pastures fair.

If then thou would'ſt my foot-page be,
Thou muſt e'er yet you go,
Thy green gown ſhorten to the knee,
Thy golden locks forego.

O yes, thy foot-page let me be,
And I will e'er I go,
My green gown ſhorten to the knee,
My golden locks forego.

Her locks ſhe trimm'd beneath her ears,
Her green gown to the knee,
And doff'd her mind of female fears,
Knight Walter's page to be.

Thus all the day the rude Knight rode,
While ſhe ran by his ſide,
Nor e'er to her was once ſo good,
To ſay, thou now may'ſt ride.

At length a river croſs'd their way,
Which flow'd up to the brim,
On this ſide, Ellen, thou muſt ſtay,
None paſs who cannot ſwim.

He ſpurr'd his horſe amidſt the flood,
And gain'd the farther ſide,
Sad Ellen on the margin ſtood,
Nor dar'd attempt the tide.

But love to fear ſuperior far,
At length inſpir'd her mind,
The alternative alike to her,
To ſink, or ſtay behind.

Fond Ellen yielding to her will,
Plung'd boldly in the ſtream,
Courage gave ſtrength, and danger ſkill,
To reach the far extreme.

Then

Then hyeing to Knight Walter's ſide,
In all her drizzly weed,
Added ſalt tears to the freſh tide,
And lean'd againſt his ſteed.

Look yonder, quoth the obdurate Knight,
Amidſt that verdant grove,
In tower ſublime dwells my delight,
My chaſte connubial love.

I ſee the grove, mild Ellen ſaid,
The tower and gilded gate,
May bleſſings crown the happy maid,
Whom thou ſhalt chuſe thy mate.

Together to the tower they haſte,
Where all was trim and gay,
In feaſt and dance the time was paſs'd,
Until the cloſe of day.

Now

Now every gueſt exempt from care,
In ſlumber lay repos'd,
While hapleſs Ellen, thro' deſpair,
Her eye-lids never clos'd.

The Knight refreſh'd, at dawn of day,
Call'd forth his ſleepleſs page,
Who anſwering not, at this delay,
He grew into a rage.

Arouſe, he cried, thou drowſy ſquire,
Saddle my milk-white ſteed,
I muſt from hence in haſte retire,
In queſt of gallant deed.

Up Ellen roſe, but ſunk full ſoon,
Beneath the manger's roof,
In child-bed throes ſhe made her moan,
Which reach'd the tower aloof.

Her labour paſt ſhe gan to ſing,
O Lullaby, my dear,
I would thy father were a king,
Thy mother on a bier.

The Knight was nigh, o'erheard her plaint,
And ruſhing to her aid,
Enough, he cry'd, thou ſore-try'd ſaint,
Thy truth be now repaid.

Thy patient ſufferings hence are paſt,
Thy ſorrows done away,
Thy bridal and thy chriſtening feaſt
Shall both be on a day.

Thanks, generous Knight, my griefs are fled,
Fair Ellen then reply'd:
Art thou ſo nobly kind, indeed!
She ſmil'd, then ſigh'd, and dy'd!

Dangers

Dangers alike to mortal life,
From joy or sorrow flow,
But tell the wretch oppress'd by grief,
Joy sooner kills than woe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A REFLECTION.

I HAVE deduced a ſort of moral from the ſtory, in the laſt ſtanza above. This has been ever my way. I ſeldom read, or think, or write, or ſpeak, upon any ſubject whatſoever, even the moſt trifling one, without making ſome inference or reflection tending towards philoſophy, ethics, or religion.

Whenever I ſport my fancy, as in theſe Sheets, 'tis principally with ſuch views, in order to hit the many heedleſs readers flying, who might be apt to take wing, on the firſt alarm of ſerious documents more formally preſented.

So

So that, in reality, and *without a joke*, however the confession may discourage too many readers, through the following pages, the motto of all my writings, in this:

In quibus fuit propositi semper à nugis
Ad bona transire seria.

I dare not, *for my soul*, do otherwise. Whatever talents, or *exertions*, rather, I may possibly be endowed with, were not *given*, but *lent* me; and this only on certain conditions, necessarily implied in the very grant—to be repaid with *interest*.

——————— "Nature never lends
"The smallest scruple of her excellence,
"But, like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
"Herself the glory of a Creditor,
"Both thanks and use."———

We have no exclusive property in our natural powers, being but Receivers, and accountable to our Employer, for every faculty we poſſeſs. "Where "more is given." With the ſame œconomy we ſhould reaſon too, about the goods of fortune. Heaven is not partial.

And indeed the being good is not ſo very difficult a matter, as certain lazy, or merely indolent people, are generally too apt to imagine, and too haſtily to conclude, in conſequence of a wrong opinion. Let us but be active to perform all thoſe offices of humanity or acts of benevolence, that we feel ourſelves *naturally* inclined to, and refrain from every ill deed, only till we have fairly

fairly tried how far we may be able to reſiſt the temptation, and the world, on the whole, would be found to be infinitely better than it is.

But the ſame ſupineneſs that ſuffers our good inclinations to fall aſleep, equally prevents us from rouſing ourſelves againſt our evil ones. The firſt ſtruggle with our paſſions and appetites is difficult; it continues unpleaſant through many ſubſequent experiments; but *decies repetita placebit*, believe me, if you have but reſolution to continue the ſtrife ſo long.

For I deny, and am ready to take my oath againſt, the vile Arimanian, or Manichean principle, both of moraliſts

and divines, that there is a *natural* tendency in mankind, to evil. Paſſions are not vices, though they may be the *fomes peccati* that Mahomet ſaid the Angel Gabriel had cut out of his heart. Our Creator endowed us with the firſt; and unleſs the Devil was permitted to have ſome hand in our compoſition, the latter could not poſſibly have been any part of that original nature, which we brought into the world with us.

On the contrary, I affirm that man is created with a genuine diſpoſition to virtue. The irregularity, the exceſs of paſſions, *ungovernable* only becauſe *ungoverned*, or a miſtaken notion of ſelf-intereſt, may betray to vice; but I require no further inſtance to ſupport

my

my poſition, than this ſingle fact; that the moſt profligate villain, or the moſt cruel tyrant; will inſenſibly be melted into tears, on the recital of an unhappy ſtory, or the repreſentation of an affecting tragedy.

What then would ſignify this harrowing up the ſoul, if the ſeeds of benevolence, compaſſion, and virtue, were not originally ſown in the heart, however ſince choked up with weeds and briars, for want of due cultivation? Let moral Satiriſts and Syſtematical Parſons, then, be henceforth ſilent, on ſo hazardous a theſis, as proves virtue to be unnatural, and a good man a moral monſter; and ſpare their poor ſouls the impiety of a tenet, which muſt

necessarily imply Heaven to be the author of all sin.

Quod est causa causæ, causa est causati, is as true in metaphysics, as in physics. If I make a man drunk, I am answerable for all the ill consequences of his phrenzy, both to himself and others. The sending *my chaplain*, afterwards, to exhort him to acts of sobriety, *in such a state*, will not excuse me.

"For we bid this be done,
"When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
"And not the punishment."

The notion of innate ideas has been long justly exploded *. Then what can

* I resign the doctrine. I defended it long; 'till I discovered that I had mistaken *sentiment*

can give us principles, either good or bad, but reaſon, education, precept, or example? Paſſions are ſtrong, in proportion to the vigour of the body, or our indulgence of them. A weaker propenſity complied with, will become more uncontrollable, than a ſtronger one which we have been uſed to reſiſt. The philoſopher who ſtruck a tu-

---

ment, for *idea*; and 'tis only an *impreſſion*. We have no original notion of juſtice and injuſtice, virtue or vice; but when theſe qualities are explained to us, we love the one, and hate the other. This impreſſion muſt be innate, tho' not the idea. For all that reaſon can do, is to convince; but it cannot perſuade. Some natural pulſe of the heart or mind, muſt be touched within, before our affections can feel an intereſt.

tor on receiving an affront from his ſcholar, in my opinion pointed his reſentment right. What a leſſon is here, to parents and preceptors. This lays the blame where it really ſhould be.—They have every vice and immorality of their children and pupils, to anſwer for.

I hold it to be a much ſafer doctrine to render men accountable for the exerciſe and preſervation of thoſe good qualities and diſpoſitions they are primarily formed with—to convince them that depravity ariſes not from their firſt, but ſecond nature—than to ſuffer human frailty to indulge and palliate its weakneſs, with ſo dangerous and blaſphemous a notion, as that the ſeeds of

vice

vice are ſcattered into our original compoſition, by the hands of our Creator.

If this were true, the leven muſt "grow with our growth, and ſtrengthen "with our ſtrength," and might argue us to be no more accountable, for our moral deformity, than for any other phyſical blemiſh, we might accidentally have brought into the world with us. In fine, my opinion of mankind, is the ſame with what Quintus Curtius ſays of Clitus, "that he had virtues, by nature, "and vices but by habit."

I hope that 'tis no crime to think with Seneca, *ipſaque* IN RECTUM GENITOS *natura, ſi emendari velimus, juvat*; tho' this may differ a little from the notion

tion of our being *born in ſin.* And we ſhould live and die in it too, it ſeems, but for *foreign* aſſiſtance. The proper conſtruction of orthodoxy is, *no Heaven without a parſon—no penny, no Pater-Noſter.* For prieſts are apt to magnify your danger, as phyſicians do your diſorder, in order to make a merit *or a profit* of your cure.

CHAP. XVI.

A SHORT DEMONSRTATION OF PROVIDENCE.

SOME offer a ſtraw, a hair, or a drop of water, to your conſideration, in proof of this propoſition; but theſe are too ſimple inſtances, and require a deeper philoſophy than is neceſſary to the argument. Others diſſect an animal, point to the planets, or urge the flux and reflux of the ocean. But theſe are too complex, and relate to ſcience. I ſhall therefore only preſent to your reflection a certain ſpecies of herb, called *Valiſneria*, as being a proof equally obvious, both to the ignorant, and the wiſe.

This

This plant grows in ſeveral parts of France and Italy, more particularly on, or rather in, the Rhone, as it is an aquatic, and requires to have both its root and ſtem always in the water; nothing appearing above it, but its head, which is a large heavy flower.

This river, and others where it grows, are ſubject to ſink low, in dry ſeaſons, and to riſe high, frequently, by ſudden ſhowers, to the difference of ſeveral feet; in either of which caſes, the flower might be deſtroyed; for the ſlightneſs of the ſtalk is not ſufficient to ſupport its weight. At low water, it would tumble, head foremoſt, into the ſtream, to rot and periſh; and if not enabled to ſtretch its neck, and

keep

keep its head above water, in a flood, it would likewiſe be drowned and deſtroyed.

But both theſe dangers are equally guarded againſt, by the peculiar conſtruction of the ſtem, which is formed ſpiral, like a cork-ſkrew, and enables it to extend, or contract itſelf to the different depths of the river, ſo as to preſerve this vegetable in a perfect ſtate of ſafety, in either of theſe circumſtances, during whatever period nature has given to its exiſtence.

There is ſurely ſomething beyond *fortuition*, here; for let us, for argument ſake, ſuppoſe, along with the dunces of impiety, that a ſimple *con-*

courſe of atoms might poſſibly, in ſæculo ſæculorum, be capable of dancing at laſt into *the beſt of all poſſible worlds*: yet, in this inſtance, there certainly is *no jig*.

Here nature convinces us of a purpoſe, a deſign, by the contrivance of a moſt ſingular piece of mechaniſm, which equally adapts itſelf to the two oppoſite ſtates of the plant, either in a drought, or flood, and which may both happen, as they frequently do, within the very ſame hour.

Præſentemque refert quælibet herba deum.

This is the only vegetable, of the kind, in the known world. The botaniſts may call it *a weed*, if they pleaſe, but

but I ſhall ever henceforth deem it the *Tree of knowledge*. Fools cry out for miracles, to aid their Faith in Providence; as if all nature was not one.

But *natural miracles*, if I may uſe the expreſſion, loſe their efficacy, from the conſtancy, regularity and familiarity of the objects; though let the philoſopher but take a peep behind the curtain, and they recover their conviction again: For there we trace a chain of cauſes and effects, up to their *ne plus ultra*, and finding the higheſt link, to be but *an effect* ſtill, philoſophy muſt neceſſarily then be obliged to borrow from theology its final cauſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

PROPHANE AUTHORITY.

LISTEN to what Voltaire ſays upon this ſubject, who is as little to be ſuſpected for a prieſt-ridden ſuperſtition, as myſelf. In fine, hear what reaſon and philoſophy dictate on this topic, independent of religion or revelation.

Of the NECESSITY of believing a SUPREME BEING *.

The great object, the great intereſt, in my opinion, is not to argue this

* Queſtions ſur l'Encyclopedie, vol. 4. article *Dieu*, ſection 4. As this voluminous work

point metaphyſically, but to conſider whether it be for the advantage of us helpleſs, though indigent mortals, to admit of a rewarding and avenging God, who may ſerve as a reſtraint and a conſolation, or reject the idea, in abandoning ourſelves to our calamities, without hope, and to our crimes, without remorſe?

Hobbes ſays, that if in a nation where they did not acknowledge a Deity, any perſon ſhould propoſe the belief of one to them, they would hang him up, directly. He muſt, by this

work is not, nor indeed ſhould it be, in every body's hands, I ſhall give a tranſlation of the paſſage here.

ſtrange exaggeration, mean any preacher who would rule, any mountebank who would tyrannize, *in the name of the Lord*; but not thoſe virtuous perſons, who ſenſible of the imbecility of mankind, of its perverſeneſs and miſery, ſeek for ſome certain ſtay, whereon to fix their morals; and a prop to ſuſtain poor human nature under the languor, the afflictions, and other trials, of life.

From Job down to the preſent time, what numbers have bewailed their exiſtence! we have, therefore, a conſtant need of conſolation and hope. Your philoſophy * deprives you of theſe re-

* Speaking, as it were, to Hobbes.

ſources.

ſources. The fable of Pandora is infinitely preferable to it. This leaves us Hope, at leaſt. Yours gives Deſpair.

Your philoſophy, you ſay, can ſuggeſt to you no proof of an hereafter. Be it ſo. But it can urge no demonſtration of the contrary. We are ſenſible of an indiviſible principle exiſting within us, which is capable of feeling and thinking, though we are not, indeed, able to account for the *quomodo* of this intelligence. Reaſon does not oppoſe itſelf to ſuch an idea, though alone it is not ſufficient to prove it.

Has not this opinion then an infinite advantage, over yours? Mine is greatly beneficial to mankind; yours prejudi-

cial to them, in the higheſt degree. Yours might, notwithſtanding your apology, encourage your Nero's, your Alexander's the Sixth, your Cartouches, &c. Mine might ſuppreſs them. Marcus Antoninus and Epictetus believed that their *monad*, of whatſoever kind it might be, would rejoin the monad of All Intelligence, and were the moſt virtuous of men.

In the uncertainty we both of us labour under, at preſent, I ſhall not ſay to you, with Paſchal, *take the ſureſt ſide of the queſtion.* There is nothing certain, in uncertainty *. Our buſineſs

* The expreſſion in Voltaire is *prenez le plus ſûr*, which I have tranſlated in the ſenſe that he ſeems

here is not to calculate the odds, but to inveſtigate the ſubject. We are to judge only, and our choice is to have no manner of weight in our ſentence.

I do not require you to believe any thing extraordinary, in order to draw you out of your perplexity; I do not ſay, go to Mecca, and kiſs the *black ſtone*, to be inſtructed; *hold a cow by the tail*; muffle yourſelf up in a cowl; be a fool, or a fanatic, to win the favour of the Being of Beings.

ſeems to have taken it, by his remark on it, in his next ſentence; but Paſchal muſt certainly have meant *the ſafeſt*, not the *ſureſt*, by *plus ſûr*, which conſtruction the words will equally bear. Fenelon had ſaid the ſame, before him, *What if there ſhould be an hereafter!*

I only ſay, continue to cultivate your virtue, be beneficent, look down upon all ſuperſtition with horror, or compaſſion, but join with me to adore the Providence which is manifeſt throughout all nature, and conſequently to worſhip the Great Author of it, the firſt and final Cauſe of all. And hope with me, that our monads, which are capable of reaſoning upon the Supreme Intelligence, may arrive at happineſs, through its means.

There is no contradiction, in ſuch a preſumption; you cannot demonſtrate the impoſſibility of it, tho' I confeſs myſelf equally incapable of affording you a mathematical proof, that it is ſo. There is no arguing, in metaphyſics, but

but upon probabilities. We are both of us ſwimming in the midſt of an ocean, whoſe coaſt we are alike ignorant of. What madneſs would it be, then, to croſs and joſtle, in the deep! Let every one ſtrive to ſhift for themſelves. But thoſe who ſhould cry out, *you ſwim in vain, there is no ſhore*, would certainly diſcourage your endeavours, and abate your ſtrength.

What does our argument tend to? To conſole ourſelves under the unhappineſs of our preſent exiſtence. Who comforts us beſt. You or I? You yourſelf acknowledge, in ſome part of your works, that the belief of a God has often reſtrained men from the actual commiſſion of a purpoſed crime. This con-

confeſſion is enough, for me. If this opinion has prevented but ten aſſaſſinations, ten falſe teſtimonies, ten unjuſt decrees, in the world, I hold that the whole world ought to encourage and embrace it.

Religion, you ſay, has cauſed numberleſs perſecutions, cruelties and maſſacres. Say ſuperſtition, rather, which is the great deſpot of our miſerable globe. This is the moſt powerful enemy of that pure and ſpiritual worſhip which ſhould be paid to the Supreme Being. Let us deteſt this unnatural monſter that has ever been ſtabbing the breaſt of its mother, from whence it derives its nouriſhment. Thoſe who take arms againſt it, are the benefactors

of

of mankind. 'Tis a ſerpent that involves religion in its folds, and we ſhould endeavour to cruſh its head, without hurting the victim which it infects and devours.

You are afraid that the worſhip of a Deity may lead to ſuperſtition and fanaticiſm; but is it not much more to be apprehended that by denying one, we may be led to abandon ourſelves to the vileſt paſſions and moſt ſhocking crimes? Between theſe two extremes, is there not a happy medium to be hit on? But where is the terra firma to be found between theſe gulphs and quickſands? Behold it—God, and the Laws.

You affirm that there is but one ſtep, between adoration and ſuperſtition. But I affirm that there are paces infinite, to ſound minds; and ſuch moſt happily abound, in the preſent world. They are at the head of nations, they influence the public manners, and, year after year, fanaticiſm, which once ſhadowed the earth, ſees itſelf ſtript of its moſt helliſh uſurpations.

I ſhall now ſpeak a word or two to a paſſage in your work, where you ſay, "if we preſume any intercourſe or con-"nection between this incredible Being, "and his creature, we ſhould raiſe altars "to him, make him offerings, &c. if "we do not conſider the matter in this "light,

"light, we muſt, however, refer our-
"ſelves to the prieſts, who, &c. &c.

The great hardſhip, truly, to thank God in the midſt of harveſt, for the bread he gives us to eat! But what has put offerings into your head? The very idea is abſurd and ridiculous. But where is the harm of employing a perſon, whom we may ſtile either elder, or prieſt, if we pleaſe, to offer up our grateful acknowledgments to the Deity, in the name of the congregration; provided that this ſame officiator be not a Gregory the Seventh, who trod on the necks of kings, or an Alexander the Sixth, who committed inceſt with his own natural daughter, and aſſaſſinated and poiſoned, by the aſſiſtance of his baſtard

bastard son, almost all his neighbouring princes—provided that this same parish priest be not a knave picking the pockets of those who come to his confessional, to enable him to bribe and debauch the girls he is catechising—provided that this same confessor be not a *Tellier*, who threw a whole kingdom into confusion, by villanies that deserved the gibbet——or ——. These latter cases, however, are rare. The state of priest-hood is a restraint which obliges to decorum.

A foolish

A fooliſh parſon excites contempt, and a knaviſh one inſpires horror; but a good paſtor, mild, pious, free from ſuperſtition, charitable, and inclined to toleration, is a man one ſhould both reſpect and protect. You fear the abuſe of the order; and ſo do I, too. Let us then, join our endeavours to prevent it; but let us not condemn an inſtitution that may be rendered ſo very uſeful to ſociety, when it is not perverted by fanaticiſm, vice, or hypocriſy.

I have one very important thing to ſay to you, now. I am perſuaded that you are in a very great error, but I am alſo convinced that you are ingenuouſly deceived, yourſelf. You would have the world virtuous, even without the

belief of a Deity. Though you have indeed unfortunately ſaid, "that if vice "could render a man happy, he ought "to be vicious." A moſt ſhocking poſition, that your friends ſhould have prevailed on you to have ſtruck out of your works. In every other part, I acknowledge that you ſpeak morally enough.

This philoſophic argument will only be debated between you and ſome other metaphyſical adepts ſcattered through Europe. The reſt of the world will, probably, never hear a word of it. The vulgar read us not. If ſome over-righteous theologiſt ſhould ſtir up a perſecution againſt you, on this account, he would, as ſuch perſons generally are,

be

be much in the wrong of it. He would only act a part that would but confirm your proſelytes, and render Atheiſts martyrs.

You are certainly in the wrong, friend Hobbes; but the Greeks did not perſecute Epicurus, nor did the Romans erect an inquiſition againſt Lucretius. You are certainly in the wrong; but we ſhould reſpect your talents and your virtue, though we are combating your dogmas with all our might and main.

The beſt homage, in my opinion, that we can render the Deity, is to vindicate his eſſence, without wrath; as the moſt unworthy idea we can poſſibly give of him, is to repreſent him furious

and

and vindictive. He is truth, itſelf; and truth is diſpaſſionate. 'Tis to be his true diſciple to ſpeak of him as a being of infinite benignity, and of an unalterable ſpirit.

I agree with you that religious fanaticiſm is a monſter, a thouſand times more dangerous than a philoſophic Atheiſm. Spinoſa never committed one bad action. Châtel and Ravaillac, both devotées, aſſaſſinated Henry the Fourth.

The library atheiſt is generally a tranquil philoſopher. The fanatic is always turbulent and factious. But a court atheiſt, an atheiſtical prince, may be the peſt of mankind. Borgia and

and other ſcoundrels, of the ſame claſs, have done almoſt as much miſchief, as the fanatics of Munſter and the Cevennes. I ſpeak of the bigots, on both ſides.

The only danger of cabinet atheiſts, is the making of court ones. Chiron educated Achilles, and nouriſhed him with lion's marrow. Soon after, the pupil dragged the body of Hector about the walls of Troy, and ſlew a dozen innocent captives, to ſlake his vengeance.

Heaven ſhield us from an horrid prieſt who haſhed a king in pieces with his cleaver; or of an other, who with an helmet on his head, and a cuiraſs

on his ſhoulders, at the age of three-ſcore and ten, dared ſign with his three bloody fingers the ridiculous, but inſolent excommunication of a king of France; or of ——————; or of ——————; or of ——————

And Heaven preſerve us alſo from an outrageous and barbarous deſpot, who not believing in a God, became himſelf a devil; who rendered himſelf unworthy of the ſacred character he wore, by trampling upon thoſe duties which his ſtation claimed; who ſacrificed without remorſe, his allies, his relations, his ſervants, his people, to his paſſions. Theſe two tigers laſt mentioned, the one ſhaved, and the other crowned, are equally to be deteſted

and

and feared. By what ties can ſuch infidels be reſtrained? &c. &c.

The belief of a God, with whom our ſpirits are to be rejoined, made your Titus's, your Trajans, your Antonines, your Marcus Aurelius's, and thoſe great Chineſe Emperors, whoſe memory is ſtill ſo precious in the ſecond of the moſt antient and vaſt empires of the world. Theſe examples are ſufficient for my cauſe, and my cauſe is that of all mankind.

I do not believe that in all Europe there is one perſon, now, of the leaſt rank in life, or the ſmalleſt acquaintance with the world, who has not the moſt ſovereign contempt for all the le-

gends we have been formerly ſo ſmothered with—almoſt as much as we are with pamphlets, in the preſent age.

If religion, I mean its pretence, no longer raiſes civil wars, among us, 'tis to philoſophy alone that we are indebted, for our peace. Theological ſtrifes have begun to be regarded with the ſame indifference and contempt, that we look upon the altercations of Giles and Pierot, at our fairs.

An uſurpation on the ſenſe and rights of mankind, founded on the knavery of one part, and the folly of the other, is undermined, every day, by reaſon, which ſeems at length to have vindicated her natural empire, among men.

The

The Bull *in cœna domini*, the highest pitch of inſolence and folly, dare not ſhew its face, now, even in the Dioceſe of Rome. If a regiment of friars ſhould attempt the leaſt evolution againſt the laws of the ſtate, it would inſtantly be put to the rout.

But what then! becauſe the Jeſuits are expelled from ſociety, muſt we baniſh God, alſo? On the contrary, we ſhould adore him the more, for ſuch an inſtance of his providence *.

A Co-

* So far Voltaire, who wanders a good deal from the ſubject, towards the latter part, as is uſual with him, in order to indulge his ſpleen, againſt biſhops, prieſts and deacons. The ſhaved heads he points to, do indeed deſerve

A Corollary, from the two foregoing Chapters.

From the belief of a Providence, the immortality of the ſoul may, I think, be fairly deduced.

We have a natural præ-ſentiment of it. Our hopes, our reaſon, our philo-

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the fulleſt anathema of his ſatire, but his virulence againſt the crowned one* he hints at, has more of pique and reſentment in it, than of truth or juſtice, I hope and believe. At leaſt his character has not reached us yet, in ſuch a light. And as to his charge of atheiſm againſt him, I fancy that this is alſo of a piece with his other exaggerations, and has too much in it of the very prieſtcraft he condemns, which is apt to impute this unphiloſophic blaſphemy to every one who does not believe juſt as they do, or pretend to do, themſelves.

* The King of P-------.

ſophy

ſophy concur in theſe opinions. God muſt love the virtuous. Our reward is not of this life. Where then? We are rendered both happier and better, by the fond idea. Is ſuch a notion preſented to our minds, like the tree of knowledge, to be viewed only, but not enjoyed? If it be but a dream, we are deceived. We cannot admit Providence to be capable of a deceit, though for our good. The *pious frauds* are a meanneſs unbecoming even a man. I could never tell my children that pills were ſugar plums, or that bleeding would tickle them.

CHAP. XVIII.

UNNATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

AMONG the vulgar errors hinted at, in my third Chapter*, please to reckon the ſtrange notion of the male and female ſexes of plants, and that their *conjunction copulative* is abſolutely neceſſary to the continuation of their ſpecies.

This was indeed an antient opinion; as what modern one is not? Bacon, in his aphoriſms, ſays, that *the neweſt things are the oldeſt*. So that we may equivocally, though juſtly, ſay, that things can

* Paragraph laſt, but two.

only

only be deemed *new*, now, by being *renewed*. But this one would not be worth the while to refute, if within this laſt and enlightened Century, it had not been revived, affirmed, and pretended to have been proved, by ſuch learned and laborious naturaliſts, as Linnæus, Grew, Ray, Morland, &c. &c.

I do not recollect now, for I always write without book, whether Miller, F. R. S. in his Dictionary, foſters this notion, this brat of the brain, though no Minerva, or no. But poſſibly he may have been led into this error, becauſe he is *a man of learning*; and it requires a tolerable proficiency in ſcience, to be able to cultivate a miſtake, which

any

any illiterate gardener, or nurſeryman could prove the falſity of, by demonſtrative experience.

Yes. I do now remember that he does ſupport this ſame piece of wonderful philoſophy; for we find him, in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, concuring with Meſſieurs Martin and Watſon, F. R. S. or *Fellow Ravers in Science*, with regard to the different genders of Holly; which they ſay are ſome maſculine, ſome feminine, and others hermaphrodite; or the common of two.

Now I take the liberty to deny this animal ſpecies of generation, even to the Palm-Tree, though it bids fairer for ſuch an analogical method of propagation,

pagation, than any other we know of; as one kind of it bears flowers, without fruit, while another produces dates, without ever flowering.

Beſides, there is a phyſical decoction made from what is called the female of this plant, which is ſaid to have a peculiar medical efficacy in it, for *breeding-women*, which might ſerve further to argue a ſort of ſexual ſimpathy between them. Leſs plauſibility has founded many a ſyſtem.

If this piece of arch-philoſophy were true, I ſhould think that the chaſte Senſitive plant could never have ſubſiſted, after the fall, when gender was ſplit in two, in order to be ſpliced toge-

ther

ther again; for its native coyneſs would never have ſubmitted to continue its ſpecies, by *contact*. How unhappy for an hundred thouſand million of ſouls, at leaſt, that Eve happened not to have been ſuch an other hopeful ſprig of Grace!

I wonder much that theſe rare philoſophers have not yet promoted this extraordinary vegetable laſt mentioned, to the dignity of animal life, among the number of more unworthy ones, on which they have, like princes, conferred this preferment. Such as the ſea weeds, named by the learned *Zoophytes*, the corallines, or madrepores, the belemnites, polyſchides, alcioniums, fucus's, &c. found growing on rocks, oyſters, and

and other ſhell-fiſh. But indeed Linnæus does ſeem to comprehend it with the reſt, under one general endowment, in his treatiſe De *Somno* plantarum, of the *Sleep* of Vegetables.

But plants may be raiſed, by layers, as well as by ſeed.—Then what becomes of your ſexual philoſophy, pray? Do animals propagate by legs or arms, fingers or toes? But not to preſs theſe *un*naturaliſts too faſt, I ſhall leave their philoſophy a century or two more, to find out that the vegetable creation has no other *matrix* but its *mother earth*, to truſt to, for its generation.

And then this will be deemed a *new* diſcovery, though only a *renewal* of

mine,

mine, which is but the revival of ſome old weeding woman's notion, long before me; as Galileo borrowed from Copernicus a ſyſtem that had been handed down to him by tradition, from Pythagoras.

What might, I ſuppoſe, have at firſt given riſe to this whimſical origin, was the pleaſant ſuperſtition of ſuppoſing trees to have been informed with a ſpecies of intellectual beings, called *Hamadryads*; and the groſs antients could frame to themſelves no idea of intelligence, without ſenſuality; which they imputed even to their very *Gods*.

This expreſſion I reſtrain chiefly to the male Deities; for though they were

moſt

moſt of them a parcel of ſad Rakes, yet to the honour of the other ſex be it ſaid aloud, that there was but one Lady ———, among the female Divinities. So that their *High Mightineſſes* were frequently obliged to come tumbling down from the ſkies, for recreation, and pick up girls for themſelves, here and there, as well as they could, by fraud or force, here below.

Some poet ſeems to have a notion of this ſame ſexual doctrine of plants, when, upon deſcribing the effect that his miſtreſs's bathing in a river, near a grove, had upon univerſal nature, ſays,

" The trees themſelves ruſh'd in the flood—
" Were e'er ſuch *amorous* ſticks of wood!"
With a ſal, lal, &c.

And

And an other antient bard begins his ſong thus—"Holly and Ivy went to "the wood." What the ballad ſays they did together, there, I really forget; but upon the preſumption of the curious philoſophy we are ſpeaking of, may we not ſuppoſe that they might have retired thither, like the boar and ſow, in the Rehearſal. "There to "conſummate, &c." One cannot ſay too many ridiculous things, upon ſo fooliſh a ſubject.

What a charming delirium was the old pagan ſuperſtition, which turned the whole creation into fairy land, by the force of an enthuſiaſtic imagination. What a rich ſource for Ovid to derive his metamorphoſes from—And what

have we gained ſince, by our more rational philoſophy? Which would be the pleaſanter, to tread in air, or trot on *terra firma?*

The idea of ſupernatural and invisible witneſſes of their actions, muſt have had an happy effect toward regulating the conduct of them. It was not *fear*, as the preſumptuous atheiſt ſays, that firſt made gods; but the prior notion of ſome ſuperior being, that created fear, by impreſſing the mind of man with an awe of ſome power above themſelves; which is a ſentiment we naturally feel, before we begin to reaſon upon.

CHAP. XIX.

DITTO.

THE ingenious memoir, ſtiled *The natural hiſtory of Ants*, preſented to the academy of ſciences, in Paris, ſeveral years ago, which has been tranſlated into all languages, and received univerſally for fact, happens alſo, like the former conceit, to be more ingenious, than true.

They neither bite off the heads of corn, nor hoard up granaries, as provident of the future. And this for two eſpecial reaſons—that the firſt would not anſwer the end of preventing the the grain from growing; and the latter would

would be an uſeleſs ſtore to animals that remain in a torpid ſtate, during the whole winter. For if ants are not one of them already, they may be added to the claſs of the *ſeven ſleepers*.

I do not mean the Adelphi martyrs, of the *Golden Legend*, whom Gregory de Tours reports to have moſt piouſly ſnored out an hundred and ſeventy years of their lives, in a tyrant's cave, to the great edification of the faithful in miracles. What I mean, are the ſeven real, natural ſleepers; the ſwallow, dormouſe, &c. The miracles of Providence, not of prieſts.

I ſhould never have ventured to have queſtioned ſo pretty a piece of philoſo-

phy, if it might in any ſort be thought to impeach either the wiſdom or the veracity of Solomon the Great, who has framed ſo fine a moral precept on a piſmire. *Go to the ant, thou ſluggard*, &c. But indeed the peculiar œconomy of theſe inſects, in preparing habitations to defend themſelves from the rains, the froſts, and ſnows, during their foreſeen ſtate of inſenſibility, was ſufficient alone to have recommended theſe provident animals to that peerleſs philoſopher, naturaliſt, and moraliſt, as an example of induſtry and forecaſt.

Parvula, nam exemplo eſt, magni formica laboris, &c.

Nay

Nay even Mahomet was inſpired with ſuch a reverence for this ſame dignified inſect, that he has intitled one of the chapters of his Alcoran, *the Piſmire*, and has named ſome other of them *the Spider*, which is another little induſtrious houſewife, alſo. St. Baſil has written a panegyric, on a Piſmire, likewiſe.

But I need not have been ſo very ſcrupulous, upon this point, neither; for I apprehend that the Bible was given us as a rule of faith, only, not of philoſophy. Though the learned Hutchinſon denies the latter poſition, and renders every letter in the Hebrew Alphabet, myſtical. In ſo much, that each word, in that inſpired language, not only names the thing it ſtands for,

but implies the very nature of it, alſo.

And the ſuper-ingenious Doctor Pike, an other great cabaliſt, has undertaken to prove, and has really done ſo, *in his own way*, that the Old Teſtament contains the true principles of all philoſophy; but myſtically concealed in the Hebrew text, till poſterity had puzzled their wits to find them out by themſelves, firſt.

Now if ſuch *literal* adepts as theſe Hebræans, were to become botanical ſexualiſts, with Linnæus, Grew, Ray, &c.* I ſhould not be ſo much ſurpri-

* See the laſt Chapter.

zed;

zed; as their infatuation might possibly be somewhat excusable for imputing extraordinary powers or supernatural faculties, to *Hebrew roots*, at least.

Not that this same magical language possesses the sole and exclusive privilege of *efficient* words. For have not hypostasis, in Greek; transubstantiation, in Latin; church, in English; kirk, in Scotch; and mass, from whence *mussare*, in Irish; with some other fruitful monosyllables, frequently produced most signal events in the world?

But what better could be expected of learning, when 'tis so notorious—I hope there are no sceptics by—That

Cadmus, who was the firſt inventor of letters, ſowed alſo the ſeeds of diſcord and ſlaughter, by generating an army from ſerpent's teeth.

I have *ſtopped* my hand, here, *ex mero motu* *, and not from the want of ſufficient ſubject matter to have proceeded

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* Here is a choice morſel for that pedant H——h, that *catamenian* critic, to nibble at, in his next *ungentlemanly* magazine, by obſerving upon the contradiction between *ſtopping*, and *motion*; for he is one of thoſe *poor ſcholars* who take expreſſions *literally*, and not *literately*, and challenge idiom to a grammatical preciſion. I have, with an unſparing hand, ſcattered a number of ſuch atoms throughout theſe pages, for the adaption of his *microſcopic eyes*.

upon,

upon, but ſhall, in ſome future Chapter, or Chapters, perhaps, take occaſion to lay open and expoſe ſome other choice inſtances of unnatural philoſophy, and endeavour to reſcue the Magna Charta of common ſenſe and reaſon, from the arbitrary dogmas of ſophiſticated ſcience.

In the mean time, I ſhall, in the next Chapter, take notice of an other ſpecies of error and weakneſs, which may, not improperly, be ſtiled ——. See the title.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

UNMORAL PHILOSOPHY.

AN humane and tender diſpoſition cannot be too much inculcated and encouraged, in youth; and children ſhould be ſeverely reproved, for every inſtance of cruelty, and adverti ſed of every inadvertency tending towards it, in their ſports, plays, or paſtimes. Such as torturing of flies, hunting cats, fighting, or throwing at cocks, &c. For as Ovid ſays,

——Primaque à cœde ferarum
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum.

That amiable philoſopher Montaigne ſays, "there is a general claim of kind-

"neſs

"neſs and benevolence, which every "ſpecies of creatures has a right to "from us." And Shakeſpeare too, that great oracle of nature, concurs in the ſame ſentiment of humanity, which he expreſſes in theſe words.

——The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance feels a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.——

All this is certainly moſt true, and ſuch conſiderations ſhould therefore ſerve to reſtrain us from every act of cruelty or malevolence towards the inferior creation. But are not even the beſt notions or principles capable of excels? This, for inſtance, is ſo, among the marottoes and gentoos of India; whoſe religion, ſay ſuperſtition, rather, forbids

forbids the deſtruction of animal life, upon any pretence whatſoever; from the largeſt brute, to the loweſt inſect. So that whenever their rice harveſt happens to fail, many thouſands of their people periſh, through famine, which is generally attended by a peſtilence in conſequence, too, as they die frequently faſter than they can be buried.

Nay to ſuch a ſtrange extravagance is this kind of weakneſs carried, all over the Eaſt, that one of the oriental writers mentions a nation among them, that had founded an Infirmary, *for ſick fleas*. Though the author could not be ſuppoſed to be ſerious, with regard to the fact, the idea of it, however, ſerves to

ſhew

ſhew the characteriſtic of the people he deſcribes.

But as I am *a good chriſtian* I ſhould not ſo much mind what your vile *pagans* think or do, if the ſame foible did not ſometimes prevail among the orthodox, even of this phlegmatic hemiſphere; who imagine, ſome of them, that we have no manner of natural right over the life of any animal, whatſoever; they holding theirs upon the ſame tenure which intitles us to ours—namely, the free gift of our common Creator.

Such enthuſiaſts would have cheriſhed all the plagues of Egypt, in their boſom, and have deemed it an impiety to have deſtroyed one of their frogs, their

their caterpillars, their locusts, their grasshoppers, or any of their other vermin.

Under the prejudice of such a sentiment, uncle Toby's handing a fly out of the window, saying, *there is room enough in the world, both for thee and me*, makes a most shining figure, among the *faux-brillants* of morals, to those whose shallow philosophy has never led them to reflect upon the numberless animals, on earth, in air, and in the water, whose instinct directs them to the destruction of others, as necessary to their own preservation; which being certainly the first law of nature, takes place of every other, except in man; whose virtue, indeed

indeed ought to ſet the moral obliga-
tions above the natural ones.

Which obſervation upon the ways of Providence ſhould incline one to conclude, that it muſt be wantonneſs, or malevolence only, that conſtitutes the cruelty or inhumanity of thoſe acts, which the neceſſities of nature, or the œconomy of the world, do otherwiſe ſufficiently juſtify, or acquire.

A refined ſpeculatiſt of my acquaintance argued this point with me, once; and after I had convinced him of the expediency of deſtroying rats, for inſtance, as a dangerous peſt to ſociety, he would admit it only upon this nice punctilio, that we ſhould make an open

decla-

declaration of war, againſt them, and to *et armis* fairly hunt them down—but not to uſe any inſidious arts, of baited traps, of poiſoned fiſh, or oil of Rhodium, to allure and circumvent the enemy; forgetting the good old adage, of *dolus an virtus quis in hoſte requirat?*

There was really ſo much delicacy, generoſity, and whimſical honour, in this extraordinary ſentiment of his, that though I could not help ſmiling at the extravagance of it, I could not think of combating his argument with any philoſophy below the higheſt pitch of metaphyſics; and therefore aſked him whether we were not ourſelves dealt with, after the ſame manner, in the recondite ſcheme of Providence? And

whether

whether the pomps, the vanities, the pleasures, the passions, of mankind, might not be considered as *baited traps*, *poisoned fish*, *or oil of Rhodium*, tempting, through appetite, the frailty of poor human nature, to its undoing?

He was a good christian, and made no reply.

CHAP. XXI.

ANALOGY.

THE common, or obvious appearances of things, are not always the true nature of them; nay, frequently are found to be their very reverse. To give two inſtances—firſt, in the moſt inſignificant article; a hair, which ſeems to be perfectly round, to the naked eye, is ſhewn to be really flat, or angular——I forget which, through a microſcope. Next, in the higheſt object; the ſun appears to move round the earth, and the world to ſtand ſtill—both of which circumſtances have been long ſince demonſtrably proved to be falſe.

Nay

Nay more—philoſophy has ſufficiently evinced that the former ſuppoſed ſtate of theſe reſpective bodies, could not have been true, in the poſſible nature of things; as thought itſelf could hardly fly at the rate the ſun muſt do, to produce the phænomena of aſtronomy.

An ingenious French man had no other way of accommodating the difficulty of the ſun's riſing every morning in the eaſt, after it had ſet in the weſt, but by ſuppoſing it to ſteal ſilly back again to its former ſtation, *in the night*. One of our F. R. S. in *the Tranſactions*, accounted as wiſely for the diſappearance of comets, by ſaying that they

retired *to the Antipodes*. This paragraph by the by.]

Thus then, after the conviction of our underſtanding, from the two particulars inſtanced above, that our ſenſes are liable to miſtake, without the aſſiſtance of art, and our apprehenſion ſubject to error, unleſs inſtructed by ſcience; and theſe in the moſt common objects of nature, why do we remain ſo ſceptical ſtill, in matters of faith, ſuppoſing the authority to be good, merely becauſe they have not yet deſcended among the ſubjects of our fallible conceptions, and limited knowledge? And why give eaſier credit to Lewenhoeck and Copernicus, than to Chriſt and St. Paul? Read the forty-five paradoxes,

in

in Gordon's Geographical Grammar, rationally impoſſible, and mathematically certain, and ſuſpect your own ignorance and preſumption.

It will be no anſwer, to ſay that neither Lewenhoeck nor Copernicus were credited, 'till after they had afforded demonſtrations of their aſſertions. Philoſophy and religion are things of quite different natures. Any conviction ſtronger than a rational teſtimony, founded on the external and internal evidences of Chriſtianity, would deſtroy the merits both of faith and good works, cancel free will, and leave us nothing worth rewarding.

Galilæo, Bacon, Boyle, and Newton ſhone forth, like the milky way, in the dark paths of ſcience; and as much as reaſon excels inſtinct, ſo far did the *præternatural inſtinct*, if I may be allowed the diſtinction, of theſe enlightened perſons, exceed the general faculties of the human mind.

The common powers of inveſtigation or reflection could never have reached to ſuch ſublime heights, without the aſſiſtance of a certain *afflatus divinus* *, or ſuperior impulſe, by ſpecial grace conferred upon them; which had been withheld from other men of equal

* Nunquam vir magnus ſine *divino afflatu*. Cic.

ſenſe,

ſenſe, and of more learning, and greater ſtudy, perhaps.

——" Spirits are not finely touch'd,
" But to fine iſſues. "——

Who deny this aphoriſm, muſt *call God's providence a lucky hit* *.

Shall then the Deity exert an energy, to aſſiſt our temporal concerns, only, and leave our eternal intereſts without a guide! Are mathematical truths inſpired, and religious ones left unrevealed! Shall the legiſlators of earthly ſtates propoſe rewards and puniſhments, for the government of the political world, and can the great Archon of mankind leave the moral one without a ſanction! I would call ſuch ſuppoſitions

* Pope.

by a name, if I knew whether to ſtile them blaſphemy, or nonſenſe!

Galileo was thrown into the Inquiſition, as an infidel, for reviving that hereſy in aſtronomy, of the ſun's ſtation, becauſe it ſeemed to contradict a paſſage in the Scripture, where its ſtanding ſtill, once, is recorded as a miracle. And philoſophy, or rather preſumption and ſelf-ſufficience, have, in their turn, erected an inquiſition, alſo, againſt every article of faith, which does not ſquare with our very incompetent experience, in phyſics, and total ignorance of metaphyſics.

For, if we admit Spirit, either diſtinct from, or connected with, matter, we muſt,

muſt, at the ſame time, honeſtly confeſs, that we know not what its eſſence conſiſts in. And to deny Supernatural faculties or powers, to a Supernatural Being, is ſuch a ſtupid folly, as almoſt renders it one to argue againſt it. For nothing, ſurely, can be more unphiloſophical, than to limit the Author of all nature, by the *media* or *data*, of his own philoſophy.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

MYSTERY OF THE TIDES.

THE phænomenon of the flux and reflux of the ſea, had puzzled the philoſophers, for many centuries; and ſo it might have continued to do, ſtill, were they real ones. For Kepler's aſſumption, that this effect is produced by the attraction of the moon, and which has been ſince adopted by Newton, Halley, and others, betrays but a very partial conſideration of the ſubject.

For if this theory was true, the effect muſt be univerſal, as the cauſe is ſo; but there is no tide in the Baltic ocean, none in all Hudſon's Bay, up to Campeachy,

peachy, which extends above a thouſand leagues; nor is there any, in Lake Superior, on the American continent, nor in the Caſpian, nor many other ſeas, which it were needleſs to ſpecify here*.

* *Gonſales Ferdinandes Oviedes* has a pretty conceit, upon this phænomenon, in his account of the Weſt Indian Seas. He ſuppoſes the vaſt ocean to reſemble the body of a man, laid on his back, with his head in the artic, and his feet in the antartic poles; extending his right arm to the American Seas, and his left to the Mediterranean; and the flux and reflux of the ocean, like the *ſyſtolé* and *diaſtolé* of the human body, operate ſtrongly and apparently, in the nobler parts, but have a feeble and imperceptible effect, in the extremities.

I admit that the attraction of the moon, has, or may have, ſome effect, on the variation of the tides; but then this admiſſion firſt ſuppoſes them to be, as ſubjects to be acted upon: for if this alone was the cauſe of their motion, the general law of nature, as I ſaid before, would equally operate, on the ſeveral oceans above-mentioned.

So that Ariſtotle was, it ſeems, in too great a hurry to drown himſelf, on this account; for he was time enough to have done it yet, had he had the patience to have waited, 'till now; as he would find the philoſophers of the preſent age, equally ignorant, though more preſumptuous, in this matter, than himſelf; and might poſſibly have been able

to

to have compelled them to confeſs, that this myſtery, like the powers of gravity, attraction, coheſion, and electricity, muſt be ultimately referred to the occult qualities of nature; and may make an addition to the three books of Cornelius Agrippa, upon that ſpecies of unintelligible philoſophy *.

A lively Cambridge ſcholar, who had made it a point with himſelf, like theſe modern philoſophers, never to be at a loſs for an anſwer, being aſked by a lady what was the reaſon of the tides? replied, that Venus being miſtreſs of the

* Ariſtotle did not drown himſelf, as is vulgarly reported; for the more authentic hiſtorians ſay that he only died for ſpite.

ocean,

ocean, the ſea muſt neceſſarily need a courſe of *flaxing and reflaxing*, in order to preſerve its health.

A lively jeſt is better than a falſe argument; for nothing is ſo unlike ſenſe, as that which is moſt like it; under which predicament may be conſidered the ingenious ſimile of *Oviedes*, above cited.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXIII.

PRIVATE HISTORY.

A continuation of the laſt paragraph but one, of Chapter XII.

I NEVER had either education, or other proviſion, in life. I was therefore obliged to compaſs each of them by my own induſtry; to be both preceptor and pupil, patron and client, maſter and man, to myſelf, from firſt to laſt. I had acceſs to no library, and the only univerſity I ever had the benefit of, was a Barber's Shop, juſt oppoſite to my father's houſe, in Piccadilly. In this Muſæum I picked up my firſt rudiments of literature, from the

the linings of Wig-boxes, and news-paper eſſays; for this cunning Shaver, like the reſt of his idle and prating fraternity, was a deep politician and party-man, alſo.

I wiſh I had had the prudence, or good luck, to have picked up his trade, inſtead of his learning. It had turned to a much better account, in theſe unpatronic days, than that of an author. I ſhould have made more, by adorning the outſides of men's noddles, than ever I ſhall get, by ornamenting their inſides.

This man died an Alderman, and left his ſon a fortune, for the tythe of which I muſt be a greater fool than I am,

ape, if I would not have bartered all my wit, or in a more facetious ſtile, be *at my wit's end*, for joy of the exchange. He would probably have doubled his *capital*, if it was not for the unlucky importation of French friſeurs, that our travelled nobility, gentry and others had poured in upon us, of late years.

It was this ſame *impertinent Barber** who preferred the humble petition to his preſent Majeſty, intreating him to cut off his hair. *Non comptæ manſêre comæ.* I adviſed Alderman Block, moſt ſtrenuouſly, againſt the meaſure; for

* A character in the Arabian Tales.

though I had imbibed my politics in a barber's ſhop, yet I am one of thoſe who are for *combing* only, not *clipping*, the treſſes of Royalty. All the petitions and remonſtrances, preſented ſince, were taken from this precedent, and have had the ſame ſucceſs, his Majeſty having never *troubled his head*, about them.

In this ſchool of the world, I acquired my firſt knowledge of men and manners; but what I principally obſerved upon, was the general effect that the example of ſuperiors have on their dependents, and attained to ſuch a perfection in the ſcience of *Trim-tram*, that I could venture, at any time, to pronounce

announce the character of the matter, by the behaviour of his *valet-de-chambre*.

I had an opportunity of applying this remark, to a particular incident that happened to me, lately. I called on my Taylor, to be taken measure of, in which operation, the fellow who had been juſt before handling chalk, whitened all my coat. A ſervant of Lord Bute's, who was ſtanding in the ſhop, immediately took up a bruſh, and began to duſt me. One of the Duke of ——'s men, coming in during this manœuvre, what, George, ſaid he, are you out of place? No, Will, replied he, quickly, I ſhall always think myſelf *in my maſter's ſervice*, while

I am doing an obliging, or a friendly thing, for any one.

In this confined ſtudy of mine, they were not ſtories or facts that engaged my attention the moſt; for mere curioſity is ſoon ſatisfied; but the principles that led to, the policies that contrived the events, or the generoſity or courage that inſpired the actions, were the circumſtances that more peculiarly attached my notice. The food I hungered and thirſted for, was not for my memory, but my mind. A ſingle article of reaſon, philoſophy, or argument, could ſupply me with ſubjects for thought and reflection, more than all the memorabilia of hiſtory. And one week's contemplation avails the judg-

ment and underſtanding, more than a twelve-month's reading can do.

This was the way that the firſt philoſophers uſed to achieve wiſdom and knowlege, before ſchools, or academies were founded in the antient commonwealths—that is, before the human mind had been ſwaddled up in ſyſtems, and the natural energy of thought fettered in the ſtocks of ſcience.

It was theſe primitive ſages who gave the firſt hints of thoſe ſecrets in nature, which have been ſince *renewed*, and but lately demonſtrated, by experimental philoſophy. And it was from this native ſpring of the mind, that Bacon, who may in this inſtance, be ſtiled *a*

modern ancient, was enabled to point out those *deficienta* in ſcience to the inveſtigation of the ſeveral philoſophers who have ſucceeded him, and through him, ſince. Chew and exerciſe for yourſelf, if you would be healthy. Think and reflect for yourſelf, if you would be wiſe.

Contemplation is apt to give a reſerved turn to the mind and manners, and ſtudy a ſevere caſt to the features; which may ſufficiently account for the deſcription I have exhibited of myſelf, in the ſecond paragraph of Chapter XII. However this is not the only account I have to give of theſe particulars in myſelf; but as I do not care to keep the attention of the reader too long

long fixed to one point, for fear of his growing grave, alſo, I ſhall defer the remainder of this ſubject, to ſome other opportunity.

And ſo concludes the Twenty-third Chapter.

CHAP. XXIV.

VULGAR ERRORS.

FROM this kind of ſelf-inſtructed education, I contracted a habit of challenging every propoſition that occurred, giving it credit not on its authority, but its reaſon. By which method I have often detected hereditary errors, which have been handed down from father to ſon, for many generations, without ever having had their titles queſtioned, before. I ſhall preſent you with a few of them, here.

1. It has been long a received opinion, that in the eaſtern countries there are always more women born, than men.

And

And that your Muſſel-men procreate more than your Chriſtian-men. The circumciſed, than the uncircumciſed. Theſe two notions have been made uſe of by philoſophers, as natural and political arguments, for the permiſſion of polygamy, among thoſe people.

In abſolute contradiction to which aſſertions, I do affirm the two following circumſtances to be moſt certain facts. Firſt, that, in order to ſupply this many-headed monſter of matrimony, with ſufficient victims, the pimps of the ſeraglios are forced, from the ſcarcity of native females, to ſupply that commodity out of your true catholic countries.

Se-

Secondly, that your Bashaws of three, five, or fifty Tails, if you will, have seldom more than four or five children, among all their wives, at the most; and, in general, hardly exceed two or three. While your common Psalm-Singing Cobler, among us, will double that Nursery, *ne ultra crepidam*, without ever stirring out of his stall.

2. Heat and light proceeding both from the sun, has led superficial reasoners to conclude that heat was the parent, and light its child, of which the sun was the grandfather. Plato, in his Timæus, inverts the order of this succession, by making light to be the father. And so, indeed, did Moses, since, or before—I forget which—I am

no

no chronologer. He makes it the elder of the two, by three days. See Geneſis, Chapter 1.

But theſe two properties of the ſun, are as diſtinct things, in nature, as fire and water; though not in ſuch an oppoſition. A dark room may be warmed by a ſtove, without being enlightened; and the moon, ſtars, and aurora borealis afford us light, without the leaſt manner of heat. The cold glow-worm, too, ſhines with a native luſtre, in the dark.

3. The ſun is generally imagined to be hot; but 'tis only the cauſe of heat, as a ſword may be of pain. Heat may be one of its faculties, but not its eſſence.

eſſence. It may be its *action*, but not its *paſſion*. Were it a body of real fire, it muſt have conſumed itſelf, long ago. For to make the comets ſupply it with fuel, from time to time, is a moſt unphiloſophic hypotheſis, ſurely. Though admitted among *the Tranſactions*.

Indeed while we ſuffer ourſelves to conſider it as a globe of fire, it is but neceſſary to adduce a *quantum ſufficit* of combuſtibles, as the fire may want mending. But cannot the chymiſtry of nature be ſuſtained by Providence, without the ſhift of ſuch a culinary art?

You

You ſee what a pack of ſooty devils it makes of the Africans, who live under the Line. The planets of Venus and Mercury, then, which are ſo many millions of miles nearer, muſt be totally uninhabitable; which is ſuch a ſuppoſition of waſte, as the analogy of nature will not admit of.

If the ſun was fire, our atmoſphere would be flame; and the higher we roſe in it, the hotter we ſhould find it. The direct contrary of which laſt circumſtance, any one may convince himſelf of, who will but mount the peak of Teneriffe.

The elements of air and water could never have ſubſiſted, in ſuch a conſtitution

tion of nature; the conflagration would have preceded, and precluded, the deluge; the animal creation muſt have been all Salamanders; the fable of Phaeton realized; and man, inſtead of the image of God, muſt have been framed in the likeneſs of the Devil.

4. Children are ſometimes born with one ſhoulder higher than the other; and the general uſage is to lay a weight of lead, on the riſing one. This is an error; for the true philoſophy of the matter is to impoſe the lead on the declining ſhoulder, and as it is natural *to riſe againſt oppreſſion*, the conſtant effort to relieve itſelf from the weight, will raiſe the one, and by the laws of equilibrium proportionably depreſs the other.

5. It

5. It is a miſtake that there are any ſuch characters in life as *half-thinkers*; for if the expreſſion were juſt, then two of them might make *a whole* one; and five hundred of ſuch would not amount to a *ſum total.*

6. It is univerſally thought, and expreſsly ſaid, by many *un*-naturaliſts, particularly Monſieur Buffon, in his *Philoſophy of vegetation*, that the periſhing of trees, and other plants, whoſe growth he ſuppoſes to ariſe from air and water, bring an addition or augment, to the element of earth.

This is a miſtake. They only pay back, without uſury, barely what they borrow from it. Their increment is

but

but earth differently modified, water being only the vehicle of nutrition. And *dust to dust shall return*, again, with vegetables, as well as with man.

7. Antient philoſophy admitted only of one principle, in nature; but differed widely about it. One preferred earth, an other water; one air, and the other fire. I forget the names of the four Dreamers. But modern philoſophy has eſtabliſhed four Elements.

Now I deny that there are more than two. Namely, earth and water. Air and fire may be both generated by fermentation, the laſt by attrition, alſo; and therefore may be conſidered rather as *matter agitated* to certain degrees, than

than as original principles in nature. But we cannot create earth—no, nor *make water*, either—let wags say what they will.

I could furnish you with many pages more of such articles; but that I think these sufficient for a first Lecture, and shall therefore put an end to this Chapter.

CHAP. XXV.

BARBARISMS.

IN reading the hiſtories of different nations and various times, we are frequently ſtruck with the abſurdity or groſſneſs of ſome cuſtoms and manners recorded there, which we are aſtoniſhed to think could ever have obtained among rational beings.

This ſentiment, however, generally ariſes from ſuch ways or uſages being new or ſtrange to us; for were we to examine all our own actions and opinions, with the ſame ſtrictneſs that we aſſume on canvaſſing antient or foreign ones, we ſhould find many of them as much,

much, perhaps, or more, to be reprehended.

But habit, prejudice and partialities, which have a ſilent and ſecret operation upon our conceptions, render our own follies and barbariſms familiar to ourſelves, and by this means they happen generally to eſcape our notice, or cenſure, affecting only foreigners with abhorrence, or ſurprize.

As I have not patience enough to write treatiſes, on any ſubject, I ſhall only refer to one or two particulars, here, which occurring to my obſervation, lately, have given occaſion to the above reflections.

Paſſing by Tyburn the other day, I obſerved a ſort of ſtage erected, oppoſite to the place of execution, which I took to be a ſcaffold raiſed in that ſhocking ſcene, for the convenience of criminals of a certain rank, *in death*, who are intitled to the honour of *decollation*, inſtead of *ſuſpenſion*.

But how great was my horror and aſtoniſhment, when I was informed that this was only a gallery built for the accommodation of the nobility, gentry, and others, to view an execution, *at their eaſe*, by way of an exhibition, or any other indifferent ſpectacle!

And here they pay for their ſeats, and have places taken and kept, beforehand,

hand, with as much ſolicitude and precaution, as if it was to ſee Garrick expire, in Hamlet, or Macbeth.

If Tragic actors only were to frequent this ſcene, *this dying to the life*, it might poſſibly bear ſome ſort of excuſe. Yet hardly. As it would ſtill hold ſome reſemblance to the curious cruelty of the Painter, who crucified a ſlave, in order to finiſh an Altar-piece, from his laſt agonies.

Several times, laſt ſummer, ſome wretches were hanged, but many of their ſpectators were executed, firſt. The Booth gave way, and they ſuffered death, on the ſpot, before the criminals had time to draw their laſt breath.

On one of thoſe days I happened to fall into the croud, as I was inadvertently croſſing Oxford Road; and meeting an elderly fat woman, who kept a Shop on Cornhill, and was my acquaintance, buffeted about among the populace, I concluded that ſhe muſt alſo have been in the ſame way accidentally involved in the buſtle, and kindly offered my aſſiſtance to extricate her from the hands and feet of the mob.

But the good woman declined my officiouſneſs, ſaying that ſhe was following the cart. Were you the perſon he robbed? No.—Was he any neighbour or acquaintance of yours? No, indeed.—He muſt be ſome near relation,

tion, or dear friend, then, I ſuppoſe, ſaid I.—Not at all, ſaid ſhe laughing, I only came to ſee *the Sight*. Methought ſhe had rather too much curioſity for an old fat woman, a ſtranger, and one who was neither a relation, an enemy, or a friend. Habit!

The *notorious* Mrs. Sampſon and Mrs. Aſtley's equeſtrian feats, with the whole tribe of female Rope-Dancers, are other inſtances, likewiſe, of the indecent public exhibitions, which the refinement of modern manners has not yet civilized us from; and which remain ſtill a reproach to us, in philoſophy, and decorum; though the groſs concurrence of other nations round us, in ſuch permiſſions, ſerves to keep us

a little in countenance among one another.

Such *ungrammatical* ſpectacles, ſuch equivocations of gender, ſuch *hi mulieres*, as theſe Amazons, offending againſt all decency of appearances, and propriety of manners and character, ought never to be licenſed, by a Maſter of the Revels, in any polite ſtate, or moral commonwealth.

I would have alſo the very trades and profeſſions of life, diſtinguiſhed into genders: I would no more permit men Milliners, than women Barbers; much leſs would I allow of male Stay-makers, or female Breeches-makers, who now ſit generally diſplayed, in glaſs caſes, through

through many of the public ſtreets in London.

Manners give the tone to morals, and morals the nerve to government. The ancient legiſlators were philoſophers, and their ſtates flouriſhed, while ſuch preſided over them. Inſtitutions are not the *foundation*, but the *ſuperſtructure*, of laws; and a police or ſubſtratum of manners, in the firſt inſtance, ſhould therefore ever be the principal concern of legiſlature.

As to the nocturnal orgies of the *coterie*, they are too ſublime a myſtery, for the profaneneſs of my pen to meddle with; therefore without further mention of that ſubject, I ſhall conclude

conclude this Chapter, with juſt obſerving, that if our Rulers do not think proper to mark any other diſtinction, between the ſexes, than what nature herſelf has made, we may expect ſoon to ſee the Original *ſtate of nature*, though not of *innocence*, reſtored among us again, for any thing in our preſent manners or morals, that ſeems to ſtand againſt it.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

INDIANA again.

See the firſt part of the laſt paragraph, of Chapter XI.

HOWEVER, before I expreſſed my ſurprize, or preſſed her, in the leaſt, to ſatisfy my curioſity, with regard to the incredible circumſtance relative to the Great Mogul, I lodged the fair Fugitive ſafe within the aſylum of the Engliſh Factory at Patna, placed her under the protection of the Governor, had her inſtantly baptized, Lord Clive and General Carnac ſtanding God-Fathers, got her, by an act of council, to be naturalized, and admitted

tep to all the rights and privileges of an extra-liege ſubject of Great Britain, and then defied the *Emperor of the Moon, the Glory of Nations, the light of the Sun, the invincible Conqueror, the eye of Providence, the Right hand of omnipotence*, &c. &c. to have laid a finger on any part of her fair body, without her own free leave and licence.

Theſe preliminaries being firſt adjuſted, to our mutual ſatisfaction, the lovely Narrator, who ſeemed to have no more conſciouſneſs of her beauty, than the bird of paradiſe,

"And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
"Yet knew not ſhe was fair;"

nor of her freſhneſs than the roſe, thus related her ſtory to me.

The

The Story of INDIANA.

I am the only child of Almanni of the Abbandan Race, and of Benierade descended from the Line of Ali. Our Ancestors had reigned over the kingdom of *Irac Arabi*, for several centuries, with honour to themselves, and justice to their people; 'till the last irruption of the Turks had finally overthrown the Empire, and reduced that province under the Ottoman dominion.

When Amurath, the Beglerbeg of Aleppo, sat down before the city of Bagdad, the Caliph Ariorbarzanes, my Grandfather, who was renowned in war, and mightiest among the mighty, but in peace mild as the evening breeze

when

when it diffuſes the ſtolen fragrancy of our orange groves o'er the plains, thus debated with himſelf, upon that criſis.

"I have been nurſed in arms, and "danger has been familiar to me. But "then I led the armies of the Cali-"phate, of my Father, my Sovereign, "and my Prieſt. To have deliberated "then, upon the reaſon and juſtice of "war, had been diſobedience, impiety, "and rebellion. But I can ſpeak in "my own right, now. I am myſelf "the Prieſt, the Sovereign, and the "Father, *of my people*. And thus I "argue.

"The enemy double our numbers, "and are ſuperior in diſcipline, alſo.

"War

"Was dominion conferred by Heaven
"on man, for the ſake of one, or all?
"Should I ſurrender this province, to
"the Turks, I reſign only my own
"rights. The ſame laws, the ſame re-
"ligion, and the ſame property, remain
"ſtill to my people. Is a Prince or
"Prieſt, who involves a nation in his
"perſonal quarrel, the ſhepherd, or
"the butcher, of his flock? Mine only
"is the cauſe, and mine alone ſhall be
"the loſs, or ſtrife."

After this reſolve, he diſpatched a Herald to the Turkiſh camp, and challenged the Baſſa to ſingle combat. But the bravery of this defiance was declined. Upon this refuſal, he ſent him the keys of the city gates, to be deli-

vered, on a preliminary of inſuring the lives, perſons and effects, of the inhabitants, on condition of their peaceable ſubmiſſion to the Sovereignty of the Sublime Porte; which terms were accepted of.

He then immediately quitted Bagdad, amidſt the tears and bleſſings of a grateful and affectionate people, and took refuge, with his little family, which conſiſted only of a wife, a ſon, and an orphan girl, in the city of Caſſimir, the Omrah, or Governor, of which province, had been married to the Caliph's ſiſter.

The fair Benſerade was the only child of the Sage Azem, who had been the

Grand

Grand Vizier of Bagdad, and the chosen friend of Artorbarzanes; and on the death of this Minister, the Caliph immediately adopted the daughter under his guardianship and protection. 'Tis keeping the friend, in some sort, still alive, to continue our kindness to his offspring.

She was about the age of fifteen, when the Caliph had abdicated his Sovereignty of *Irac Arabi*; and Almahil, his son, had become enamoured of her extreme beauty, sometime before; but had not declared his passion, 'till after their retreat to Cassmir; when he asked, and obtained, the consent of his father, to their marriage.

Human virtue is often capable of a noble reſolve; and a generous effort may ſerve to bear the mind through any action, which honour has once inſpired. Here the ſoul ſtops, but reſts not. Philoſophy is not ſufficient to carry it on, the reſt of its journey. The doctrine of fate or predeſtination, is not able to ſupport poor humanity, under many of its oppreſſions. 'Tis but a *crutch*, only, and not *a limb*.

The unfortunate Ariorbarzanes began ſoon to repent him of his heroiſm, in his exile; and when it was too late to make the option, would rather have withſtood his enemy in the gates, than have ſuſtained the war againſt his paſſions. He lived diſſatisfied, and died repining,

repining, in a ſhort time after his ſon's marriage; and his afflicted widow did not long ſurvive him.

My father and mother having been thus releaſed from any particular duty or attachment to place or perſon, reſolved to ſhift their ſituation, immediately after this event. Better to live unknown, thought they, than known to be unfortunate. They, therefore, took an opportunity of the firſt Caravan travelling from Caſimir to Aleppo, from whence they ſailed through the Mediterranean into Italy, together; but concealing every where both their quality, and their misfortunes.

Here ſhe wept, my compaſſion ſympathized with her grief, and interrupted the ſtory.

CHAP. XXVII.

MODERN LITERATURE.

FEW people read more than I do—thoſe who do, are more idly employed, I aſſure them. A new publication takes me in, directly; for my head is ſufficiently ſtuffed with old trumpery, already; and I am in hopes, every book I open, to meet with ſomething to amuſe me, at leaſt; for I am now, alas! too old to learn; and beſides, the reader may perceive, from

ſome

ſome of the former Chapters, and probably in ſome of the ſubſequent ones, too, what my opinion is, about the preſent ſtate of ſcience.

Hiſtory we are ſurfeited of. There are more written, of England, than there ever ſat kings upon the Britiſh Throne. In which 'tis the author's, or rather *writer's*, principles, not thoſe of the government, or the times, we read; juſt as a Republican or a Scotchman mounts the ſtage. A Cromwell or a Stuart is the word. No Medium, with theſe *Hiſtriographers* *, as they may more properly be called.

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* The writers of the Dramatis Perſonæ of a Fable, rather than the real characters in hiſtory.

For the word *hiſtory*, a Greek ſcholar will inform you ſignifies *contemplation* and *reflection*. There can be no uſe, then, in reaſoning upon paſt events, but in order to regulate future conduct. A repetition of facts is tireſome. I want a hiſtory of man. This is the only ſtudy worthy of a man. For hiſtory is but the *experimental philoſophy* of human nature.

Treatiſes, tracts, and eſſays we are glutted with. They are generally bound up in the *paſte-board* of ſyſtem, and are little more than tranſcripts from one another. The few things we meet with in them, that are *new*, we may ſafely pronounce will never live *to be old*.

Theology

Theology and ethics are drugs. There is more, of the firſt, in Scripture, than any man underſtands, or indeed than was ever given him as objects of ſcience; and more of the latter there, too, than is generally practiſed. *If they will not believe Moſes and the Prophets*, neither will they heed any man alive, I dare anſwer for it.

Metaphyſics are a vain, a preſumptuous, and a dangerous inquiry. Let us reſt ſatisfied with having reached the ſtars; but what is above them moſt certainly riſes beyond all mortal ken. And yet we have taken upon us to indue the angels with an etherial wardrobe, and ſwathed the Almighty in ſublunary predicaments. The ſtrongeſt

human reason, upon ſuch topics, is ſubject to a ſort of mental *amaurosis**, which has *beams*, inſtead of *motes*, to obſcure its view.

For Heaven ſake, then, my good philoſophers, for the ſake of *curioſity*, at leaſt, limit your reſearches to this ſide of the empyrean. *Mitte arcana Dei, cœlumque inquirere quid ſit.* Solomon ſaid that there was *nothing new under the ſun*; but really, at the rate we are going on, of late, there will be ſoon *nothing new above it*; and a man may as well live, as die, for any acceſſion of

* A dimneſs of ſight, as if one was looking through gauze, where duſt and flies ſeem to be floating before our eyes.

knowledge

knowledge he will have to expect, in the next world.

Now this would be a mortal—fay *immortal*, diſappointment to me; for Hallelujahs would be but a dull entertainment to one who happens to have neither a voice to ſing, nor an ear for muſic; and is ſo paſſionately fond of ſcience, as to prefer one hour's converſe with an Angel, to the eternal harmony of the ſpheres.

But I had forgot. Angels have no manner of converſation among them, as we are informed by thoſe *Typhoëan* ſpeculatiſts, who have reared *Pelion upon Oſſa*, to take a peep into the ſkies; and have condeſcended to come down again

and

and acquaint us that thoſe divine Spirits commune, by *intuition*, only.

This will be a fine place, for women, if ever they get there; of whom to *ſee and be ſeen*, forms the principal delight. And if they could be made but to forbear their prate, a little, which I am afraid cannot be hoped for, on this ſide the grave, they would then be angels, indeed, before their time. See Chapter XIII.

CHAP. XXVIII.

NOVELS.

BUT read I muſt, at any rate, and having, in the laſt Chapter, taken leave

leave of learning, I ſeek in books for amuſement, only. I imagined, therefore, that Novels might fully anſwer this purpoſe, as fancy is here free to indulge its wantonneſs, unreſtrained by the prudery or pedantry of ſchools, and unfettered by the methodiſm of ſyſtem.

In this ſpecies of writing, one might expect to meet with the world, either as it is, or elſe as it ſhould be. Here characters might be aſſemblaged, in order to be contraſted, or compared. Action is uncontrolled, becauſe the writer is maſter of his own incidents and events. Here paſſions may be refined, pointed to their proper objects, and produce their warrantable, or admonitory effects.

For

For in paſſion are ſown the ſeeds of all our virtues, which bear fruit according to their culture. Ambition may be reſtrained to emulation, avarice rendered œconomy, extravagance exerciſed in benevolence, and courage exerted in the vindication of our honour, or the defence of our country, only. They are but bad philoſophers who miſtake fierceneſs for ſpirit, and inſenſibility for bravery.

But I have been generally moſt miſerably diſappointed, in all theſe hopeful expectations. Theſe writings have little of character, and leſs of moral, among them. Amour is the only ſubject of all our Noveliſts. I wiſh it was ſomewhat more refined, than we uſually

uſually find it to be, for the ſake of my fair readers, at leaſt.

But the love we moſtly meet with, in ſuch *Circulating Library books*, is devoid of *paſſion*; has more of *ſenſation*, than *ſentiment*, in it. More *deſire*, than *wiſh*. Were brutes but ſuddenly gifted with ſpeech and reaſon, they would expreſs their *inſtinct*, in the very ſtile of modern Noveliſts.

Not that I would not permit a proper ſcope to paſſion. I am fond of it, on this ſide vice. I am far from recommending a ſtoical apathy, to mankind. I know ſome, called good characters, of this ſort, that I deteſt. Which have all the virtues of *philoſophy* in them, but want

want thoſe of *nature*. Where the merits keep their proud throne in the *mind*, without ever ſinking into the *heart*. Maintenon was one of theſe *ready cut and dry* ſaints. "One whoſe "blood was very *ſnow-broth*." Such perſons may be ſaid, in the Univerſity phraſe, to be *well read in humanity*; and can diſcourſe of the feelings of the heart, with the ſame ſkill and coolneſs, as a Fencing-maſter does of *paſſes*.

In my opinion, Tom Jones, and Charles Carewe *, are worth a dozen Sir Charles Grandiſons; and I have always preferred Lady Townley, to Lady Grace. The latter, perhaps,

* The Triumvirate.

might

might not have erred; but if ſhe had, would probably never have reclaimed. There are ſome ſort of people who are not to be *truſted with frailties*.

Such *virtuoſos* in morals may be compared to a tilled ſoil, in a cold climate, where the fruits ſown never ripen; preſenting you with the *ſpecies*, only, but without the *ſpecifics*, of their ſeveral kinds. *The outward and viſible ſign, but not the inward and Spiritual Grace*, of virtue.

CHAP.

CHAP. LXIX.

CHAPTERS.

WELL then, after all, I cannot help thinking, this to be the beſt manner of writing, that ever could be deviſed. There is no ſubject, whatſoever, which may not be fully and ſufficiently diſcuſſed, in the compaſs of any one of theſe Sections; for no writer was ever long, but for want of genius, or of time, to be ſhort:

Dum ex parvo nobis tantumdem haurire relinquas,
Cur tua plus laudes cumeris granaria noſtris?

Writing was formerly *a Science*, but it is at preſent become an *art*. One would

would fancy that authors were turned Bookſellers, of late, whoſe intereſt it was to publiſh by the bulk. Of old, the author made the bookſeller; but now, as Shaftesbury ſays, *the bookſeller makes the Author*.

The principles of all knowledge are but few. In polity, *ſalus populi*, &c. that the general good of the whole is to be preferred, before the partial advantage of any part. In philoſophy, the chain of cauſes and effects. In ethics, to do as you would be done by. In natural religion, that we did not, for we could not, make ourſelves, or one an other; and conſequently, that we owe our love, our duty, our gratitude, and our adoration, to ſome ſuperior and in-

viſible Power. In revealed religion, chriſtian love. The beſt way of ſerving God, is to ſerve mankind. My opinion is, that the Creator made us, not for himſelf, but for one another. This ſeems to be the meaning of our Saviour, when he declares, "Verily, I ſay unto "you, love one another, *for on this* "*hang all the law, and the Prophets.*"

Theſe are all the poſtulatums of thoſe ſciences; and ſo of the reſt. And does it require ſo many ſeparate volumes, to prove each of theſe *ſelf-evident propoſitions?* Quicquid præcipies, eſto brevis, ſays Horace. Books but impede Knowledge, and retard ſcience; and were we but to ſubſtract the profits of the Student, from thoſe of the Bibliopoliſt,

one would be amazed, and mortified both, to find how little is gained, on one part, in comparison of what is obtained on the other.

Bayle says of Malebranche, that "he "studied only to enlighten his mind, "and not to furnish his memory; so "that he had read but little, though he "knew a great deal. He neglected "every thing that was a point of mere "erudition; and an insect pleased him "much more than all the Greek and "Roman History. He despised like-"wise that kind of philosophy, which "consisted only in knowing the opi-"nions of different philosophers; since "a man may know the history of other "men's thoughts, without ever think-"ing himself."

CHAP. XXX.

THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

AND now, while I am in the humour of analizing the ſciences into their firſt principles, I ſhall ſupply you with a chapter of ſhort heads, or texts without ſermons, which your literary ſpiders, above mentioned, would cobweb whole libraries with; and which may ſerve as themes, or exercitations, for the *unSpartan* declamations of modern Univerſities.

1. The juſtice of Providence obliges to ſupply all its creatures, with the *neceſſaries* of life; 'tis its *favour* only,

only, that adds *ſuperfluities* to them. And the beſt way of intitling ourſelves to ſuch indulgencies, is by not claſſing them with the former, either by repining at the want, or rioting in the enjoyment, of them.

A 2. People's fortunes and characters in the world, depend principally on the ways of life their friends may chuſe for them. Thoſe trades, arts, or profeſſions, which ſuit our genius, talents, or inclinations beſt, become therefore, from their ſucceſs, the moſt honourable, and moſt profitable. *To follow nature* was the advice of an oracle, upon this queſtion. But parents often ſacrifice the advantage of their children, to their own vanity. Many men ſtarve,

at preſent, as Lawyers, and Phyſicians, who might have thriven, as Apothecaries and Attornies.

3. There is a vaſt difference, between *ſelf-love*, and *love of ſelf*. The firſt is vanity, or *ſelfiſhneſs*, ſo called, in a mean ſenſe of the expreſſion. The latter, that natural inſtinct implanted in all creatures, named *ſelf-preſervation*. A perſon, though under the ſtrongeſt ſenſe of this latter, may yet be capable of ſetting it at nought, for the ſake of love, or friendſhip, virtue or honour. But thoſe who are under the dominion of the former, are rendered abſolutely incapable of any one manly, generous, or diſintereſted idea or action.

4. Parſons

4. Parſons preach in vain, if education has not formed us, firſt. We need philoſophers, more than moraliſts, to govern our lives. 'Tis nature alone that is a match for nature; and paſſion muſt be combated by paſſion. 'Tis ſhame, 'tis love, or fear, that keeps women chaſte, or faithful. 'Tis pride, intereſt, indignation, or ambition, which renders men reſolute or brave. &c.

5. Habit is the ſtrongeſt governing principle of our actions. No theory is equal to practice. An actor who has been uſed to perform the part of dying heroes, on the Stage, will expire himſelf with more dignity, than the braveſt man in common life. Mrs. Oldfield, in her laſt moments, ordered her maid

to paint her face, that ſhe might not ſhock the ſpectators. Cuſtom is *a great thing*, ſays ſomebody. I ſay 'tis *every thing*.

6. Of all the wonderful things that ever was reported by hiſtory, the moſt unaccountable one to me, is, that there ſhould ever have been a bad king.

7. There is no treaſury, for a prince, but in the hearts of his people. There only *neither ruſt nor moth do corrupt, nor can thieves break through and ſteal.*

8. He who gives, relieves, and he that forgives, releaſes, himſelf.

9. The Science of Aſtronomy ſhould be much cultivated, in religion.

In

In this ſublunary world, we may be perplexed with doubts, with regard to the imperfection of things, the permiſſion of natural and moral evil, &c. But the order of the Heavens, the harmony of the Spheres, is ſo perfectly free from all objection, that even Alphonſo* could not have mended it. "The "Heavens declare the glory of God, "and the firmament ſheweth his "handy-work."

10. 'Tis as much as veracity requires not to impute more virtues to

* A king of Caſtile, who upon conſidering the Ptolemaic Syſtem of the Planets, ſaid that had he been of God's Council, he would have helped him to contrive a better.

ourſelves

ourſelves than we are really poſſeſſed of, without obliging us to confeſs our faults. This is no more than the addreſs of Apelles, who after Philip had loſt an eye, drew his portrait, *en profile*.

11. Condeſcenſion adds a degree of elevation to the higheſt ranks of life. Dancers ſink, before they take their ſpring.

12. The changes and chances of life, are ſo common and various, that they may equally inſtruct the timid and the preſumptuous, neither to depend, nor deſpond.

13. What a wretched ſtate is the happy man placed in! having nothing more

more to hope for, and every thing to fear!

14. In the afflictions of others, however incurred, the human mind has always ſomething to lament—either their ſufferings, or their having deſerved them:

15. I love God, not ſo much for the good he does me, as for the will that inclines him to it. Love and gratitude are diſtinct affections. I honour the noble Roman, Paſſienus, for ſaying that he preferred the friendſhip of Auguſtus, to his liberality.

16. The name of God ſhould ever be written or pronounced, ſimply, without

without the addition of any manner of epithet or character, at all. Every perfection and attribute is already comprehended in the idea of that name, and the repeating any of them is weakening it, by implying the want.

I am not ſure now, whether this thought is my own, or only recollected from Mr. Boyle, in his Seraphic love. If I thought it was of the leaſt conſequence to the reader, to know which, I would ſearch through all his works to ſatisfy him.

17. Good offices, in the preſent world, are mules, and never generate their kind.

18. Re-

18. Repreſentatives are but the *pronouns* of the people, their capacity merely *relative*, and they can therefore certainly never claim any manner of right to challenge to themſelves any diſtinct conſideration of their own. To do ſo is committing falſe grammar in polity.

19. That equal kind of ſociety, in which the ſexes live together, in Europe, ſpoils them both. It renders the men effeminate, and the women maſculine. All bodies loſe as much of their own force, as they communicate to others. The Eaſtern manner ſeems to be more according to the deſign of nature, and the diſtinction of the ſexes.

20. Rea-

20. Reaſon is like poliſhed ſteel—it ſhould be kept bright by uſe; if ſuffered to lie idle, it will ruſt ſooner than baſer metals.

21. Reading is the food, converſation the exerciſe, and contemplation the phyſic, of the mind.

22. Of all the weakneſſes of mankind, there is none that appears to me ſo abſurd, as that of *ſinking our age*, as the phraſe is. If time could be impoſed upon, by ſuch a miſcalculation, it might admit of ſome excuſe. It would be better œconomy, methinks, to act the good houſewife's part, in this caſe, who ſets the clock forward, in order to have the buſineſs of the day performed

performed with more diſpatch. And ſhould there happen to be an hour or ſo, upon the whole, to ſpare, it would be better, ſurely, to have it rather to *reſt*, than to *loiter*.

23. In all the deſerts where water and provender are ſcarce, Providence has ſupplied an animal of a peculiar ſpecies, the Camel, for the ſervice of man. This creature, though large and ſtrong, for the purpoſe of carrying burthens, can be ſuſtained upon leſs food, than a Manks horſe, and can ſubſiſt, for three or four days, without water. Is this chance, or deſign?

24. There is no inſtance of heroiſm, recorded in antient ſtory, that appears

to

to me more noble, than the applauſe given by Æſchines, to the oration of Demoſthenes, by which himſelf was baniſhed; except the generoſity of Demoſthenes may ſeem to rival it, who comforted and ſupported him in his exile, who had been his bitter adverſary and proſecutor.

But here Æſchines riſes again, by declaring that what he moſt regretted, in his ſentence, was the being obliged to quit a country, where he had met with more generoſity, in an enemy, than he could elſewhere hope for, in a friend.

[There was ſomething very great and glorious, in the death of Demoſthenes, as reported by Lucian.]

25. No muſic can be ſaid to anſwer either the natural or rational end of the ſcience, that is not expreſſive of ſome action or paſſion. Of all the meaſures of melody, the minuet time is the moſt pleaſing, becauſe it ſuggeſts the idea of a graceful action. The harmony which ſympathizes with ſentiment or paſſion, muſt be higher ſtill.

The moſt grateful ſenſation to the ſoul, is the exerciſing the mind, without fatiguing it. Modern muſic, like rope-dancing, more ſurprizes than pleaſes, and waſtes the ſpirits too much.

26. In all deliberations about purpoſes, ſuppoſe the act already done,

and then reaſon upon it. Not that every thing may be done, which we might not repent of, but many things might be prevented or avoided, by ſuch a previous reflection.

27. Let reaſon and virtue be the conſtant rules of your actions. This is eaſily ſaid, you will ſay. Yes, and as eaſily done, too, ſay I—as far as I expect it ſhould—which is only in all matters indifferent, by way of making a beginning. You will certainly find your account in it, at laſt.

For though ſtrong paſſions may frequently warp you from the ſtrait path, the ſpring may ſtill preſerve its elaſticity by an uniformity of habit, where theſe

theſe rebels do not interfere. So that upon every trial the mind will acquire greater ſtrength, and conſequently the temptation will, upon every ſtruggle, loſe ſomewhat of its force.

28. Sylla was the moſt extraordinary perſon ever recorded in hiſtory. He was brave, and cruel, at the ſame time; the latter in the higheſt degree; not with rage, but the utmoſt temper and philoſophy. He overturned the commonwealth, became its tyrant, and reſtored it to liberty again.

His daring afterwards to walk about the ſtreets of Rome, a private citizen, is accounted for upon a ſuppoſition of his having deſtroyed all his enemies

firſt—but this was impoſſible, while there was one man left alive on the face of the earth.

My notion of the matter is this. He lived in continual fear of his life, from the reſentment and conſpiracy of mankind againſt his cruelty and uſurpation. He judged well, then, of human nature, in ſuch a ſituation, that the only way to diſarm it, was to put the ſword into its hand.

29. There are ſuch imbecilities in human nature, as being tired of conferring benefits, and weary of receiving them. This often, in the deareſt connections of life, as love, friendſhip, or patronage,

patronage, may make one party appear inconſtant, and the other ungrateful.

30. Expectation is a more certain pleaſure, than poſſeſſion. We enjoy the object of our hope, in idea, but not always in fact. The ſpring is, therefore, a pleaſanter ſeaſon than ſummer. The firſt whets the appetite by *promiſes*, the latter dulls it by *performance*.

The above thirty *articles*, which I could have extended to *thirty-nine*, if I had pleaſed, might, under the œconomy of the *bibliopoliſt authors* before hinted at, make as many Volumes, at leaſt. I do therefore, hereby give notice, that I ſhall henceforth watch the Preſs, with

all the hungry ſolicitude of *a Reviewer*, and if I find any piratical advantage taken of theſe notes, in any future publication, I ſhall vindicate my property, according to law—*If Magna Charta may ſubſiſt ſo long.*

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS, VARIORUM.

BUT if the reader would rather chuſe to amuſe himſelf with notions and remarks from ſome better authority than mine, he is welcome to the following ones; though, as I quote only from memory, I cannot in every place refer him to the authors of them.

1. Gilblas ſays, that when a perſon of *Family* does any thing diſhonourable, or mean, he reflects a *retro-active ignominy* upon all his anceſtors.

2. Among the ſeveral models of Government, propoſed by Harrington, in his political tracts, this is one.

1. That there be a king, without guards.

2. That the word or command of this ſovereign, be the law of the land.

3. That he ſtirring out of his palace, it may be lawful for any man to ſlay him.

3. Bacon ſays there are three reaſons, for men's marrying—to have miſtreſſes, in youth, friends, in middle life, and nurſes, in ſickneſs, or age.

4. He

4. He who does *well*, creates himſelf enemies; but he that does *better*, deſtroys them. A Spaniſh proverb.

5. An *old* friend is a *new* thing. An Italian one; as may be known by the *concetto* of the expreſſion.

6. Diſcretion is to the mind, what decency is to the body. An exceſs of frankneſs is as groſs as nakedneſs.

7. Monteſquieu ſays that Charles the Twelfth was not an Alexander; but would have made one of his beſt Generals.

8. The ſame author diſtinguiſhes between Luther and Calvin—that Johr. had

had framed his religion, from what Chriſt had ſaid, and Martin from what the Apoſtles had practiſed.

9. Speaking alſo of expenſive funerals, he ſays, that "nothing ſurely "can be more ridiculous, than to ſhew "the difference of rank or fortune, "in a circumſtance which places all "men on a level."

Some one elſe calls it *an honour paid to the dead, from the pride of the living*. Si non ſubſidia mortuorum, tamen ſolatia ſunt viventium. Says St. Auſtin.

10. Plato ſays, "it is equal blaſ-"phemy to deny the gods, or not to "admit their interfering with what is

"done

" done below, or to imagine that ſin " can be commuted by ſacrifice." Here is the whole philoſophy of the Chriſtian religion, expreſſed by a Pagan.

11. La Bruyere ſays, that " princes, " or perſons otherwiſe happy in all cir- " cumſtances of life, have a certain ſu- " perfluity of joy in their minds, which " inclines them to laugh at a dwarf, a " monkey, a fool, or any ſilly ſtory. " Thoſe who are leſs happy, ſmile with " more diſtinction."

You cannot imagine what an humane ſatisfaction I have received, from this obſervation. Dukes, Dutcheſſes, &c. then, ſaid I to myſelf, may not be naturally ſuch great fools, as they too often

appear

appear to be. This may perhaps be owing intirely to the misfortune of their rank, and affluence; and it is a great pity that they do not oftener receive the great benefit of adverſity, to afford them opportunities of ſhewing their wiſdom, a little more.

12. Mon deüil me plait, et doit toujours me plaire—
Il me tient lieu de celui que je pleurs!

There is ſomething charmingly melancholy and tender, in this ſentiment, and expreſſion. May not one venture to ſay, of this true Mourner, that *he was a man of ſorrow, and acquainted with grief.* For as is ſaid of madneſs, there

there is a pleaſure in it, that is only known to the wretched. Admirable and adorable Providence!

13. Among the religious tenets of the Bramins, ingratitude is deemed the higheſt ſin of immorality. Theſe refined philoſophers add conſcience, too, as a Sixth Senſe.

14. The Koran divides religion into five parts; only one of which is allotted to faith. The other four refer to practice.

15. The Mahometans never emaſculate any animal whatſoever, but man; accounting it an act of cruelty and injuſtice,

juſtice, to uſe any creature ſo—*except themſelves.*

16. We are all miſtaken in our opinions about the Dromedary. 'Tis the ſwifteſt animal of the Creation. So that all the old ſimiles alluding to that creature, are thrown away.

17. To a mind well tutored and practiſed in philoſophy, the waves of adverſity are but ſpume, which only ſpit in our faces, without overwhelming us.

18. Virtue would tire, before ſhe got to her journey's end, if vanity did not give her a lift, now and then.

19. Some

19. Some body ſays, very juſtly, that of all the objects of ſenſe, muſic is the leaſt ſenſual. I compare it to love, as being a mixture of ſenſe and intellect.

20. Were all books reduced to their quinteſſence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny paper—there would be ſcarce any ſuch thing in nature, as a Folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few ſhelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I think that the above reflection of Mr. Addiſon's, is a proper paragraph to conclude theſe two Chapters of ſhort heads with, referring alſo to the one before

before it. I ſhall therefore take my leave of ſuch ſubjects, for the preſent, and proceed to

CHAP. XXXII.

EPITAPH ON HUMAN LIFE.

EHEU! fugaces, Poſtume, Poſtume,
Labuntur anni! —— Hor.

Be early wiſe, leſt prudence come too late!
Think how *To-morrow* ſteals from us *To-day*,
And leaves the ſpend-thrift further in arrear,
To purpoſes unfiniſhed! 'till old Time,
Who lends on uſury, calls in the account,
And takes the body for its debt unpaid,
Foreclоſing life in the inſolvent tomb!

This

This is, indeed, a ſerious and a ſad ſubject for reflection! not the loſs of *life*, but of *time*, I mean. Which that we may all of us maturely conſider, I ſhall take the liberty of concluding my exhortation with the emphatical words of St. Paul.

"I charge 'thee, therefore, before "God, and the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, who "ſhall judge the Quick and the Dead, "at his appearing, and his kingdom." *Second of Timothy, Chap. IV. verſe* 1.

CHAP. XXXIII.

A VOLUNTARY.

AFTER a Sermon generally follows a Voluntary on the Organ; for fear, I ſuppoſe, that the diſcourſe might make too great an impreſſion on the congregation.

"Light quirks of muſic, broken and
"uneven,
"Make the ſoul dance upon a jig to
"Heaven." POPE.

I ſhall therefore preſent you here with an extempore piece of muſic I compoſed, this morning, juſt after I had finiſhed the laſt Chapter, in order *to make*

make the moſt of my time, according to the moral there hinted; for the ſpending part of it, chearfully, with taſte and innocence, I look upon to be one of the ways that fall within the moral of the precept there given.

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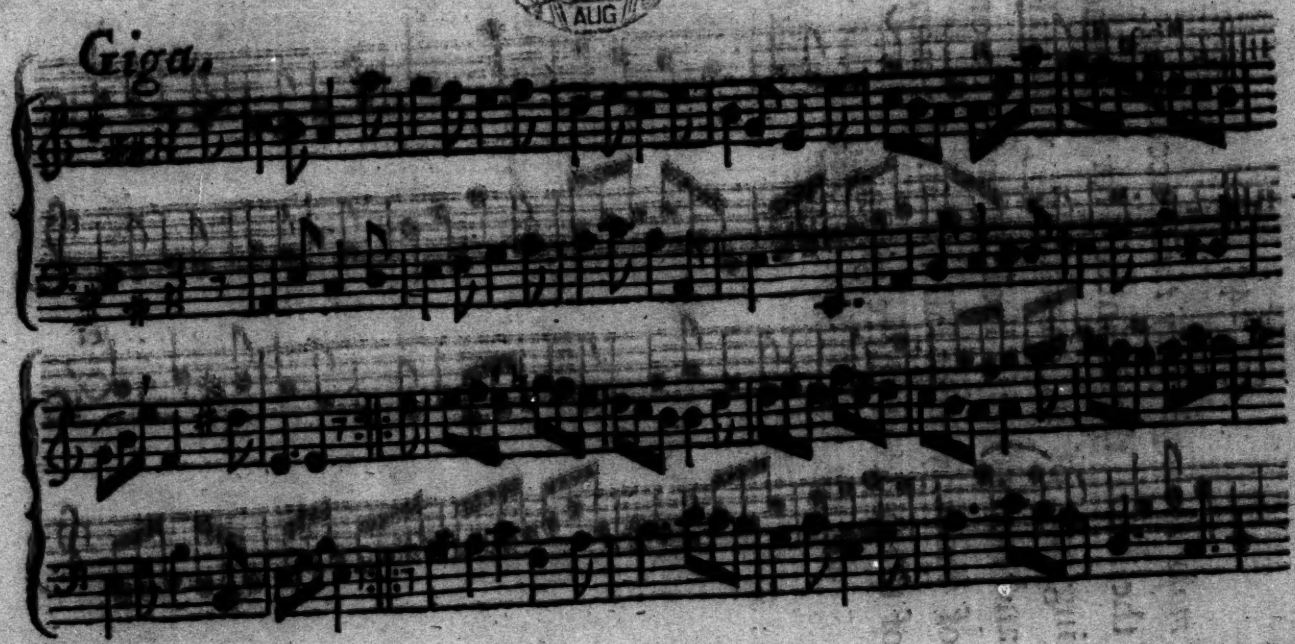

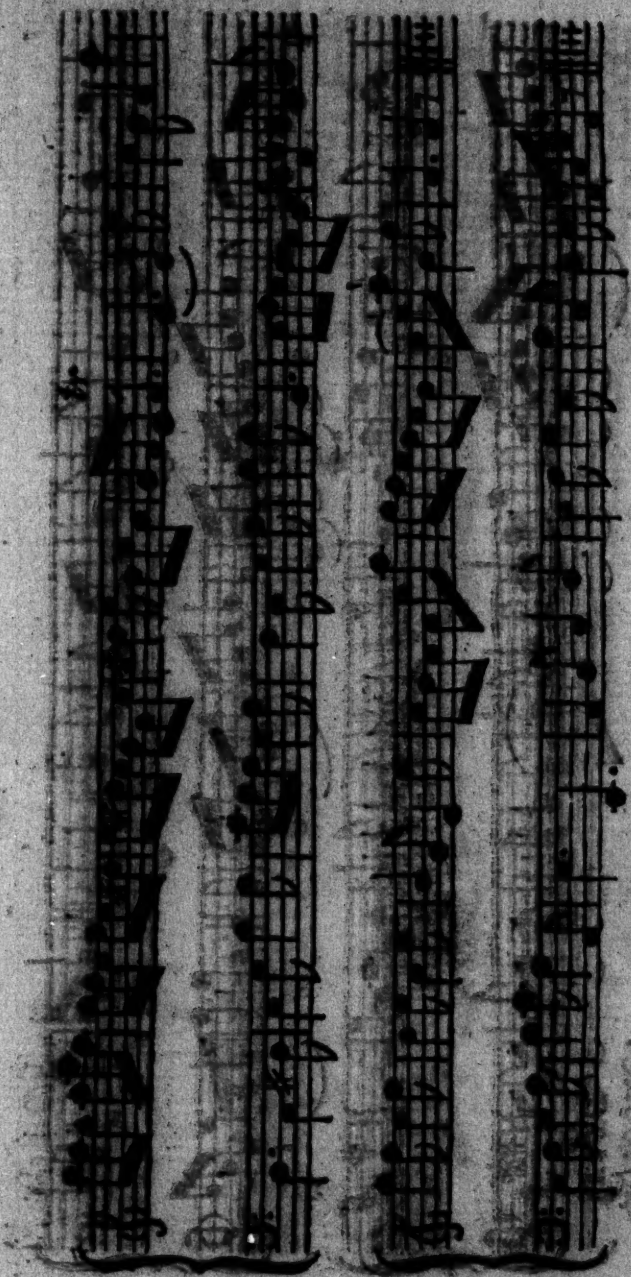

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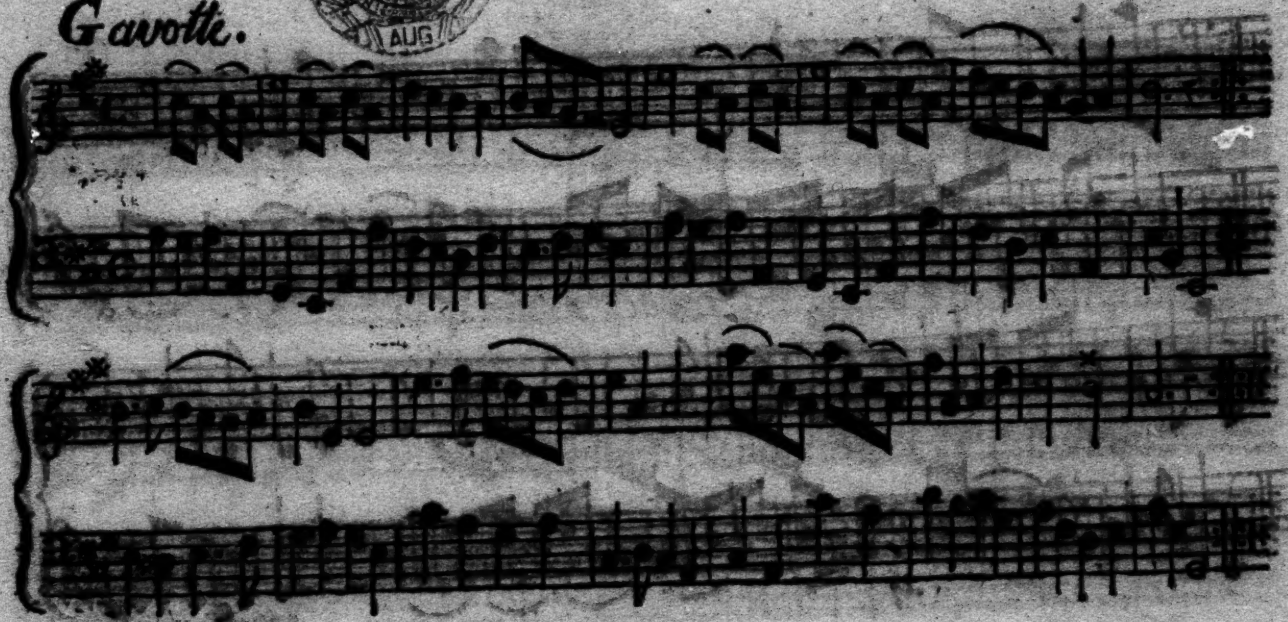

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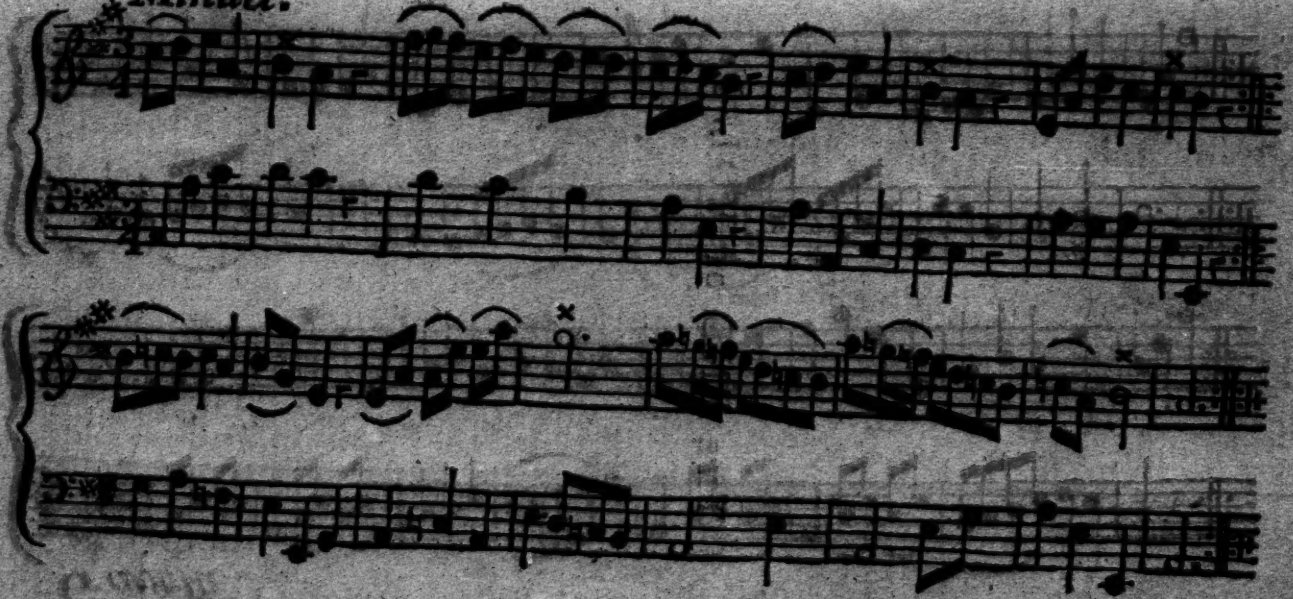

THE END OF VOL. I.